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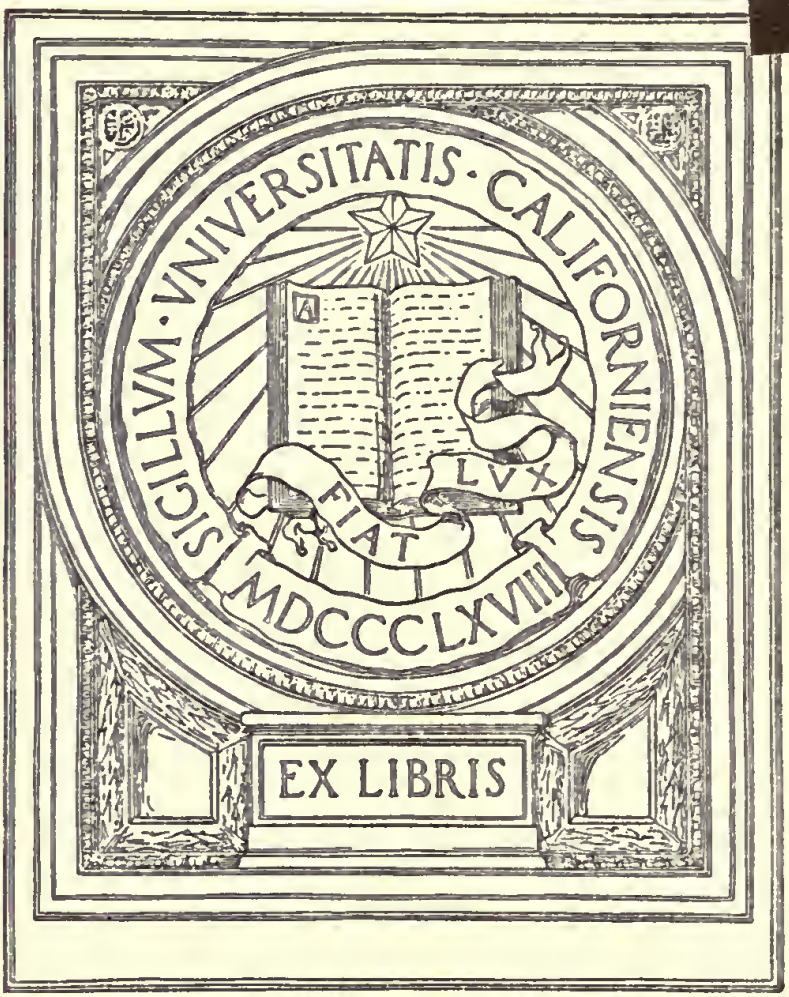

THE GIFT OF
MAY TREAT MORRISON
IN MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER F MORRISON

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT REGULATED BY THE FOLIO OF 1632;
WITH READINGS FROM FORMER EDITIONS.
A HISTORY OF THE STAGE, A LIFE OF
THE POET, AND AN INTRODUCTION
TO EACH PLAY.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

GLOSSARIAL AND OTHER NOTES, BY KNIGHT, DYCE,
DOUCE, COLLIER, HALLIWELL, HUNTER,
AND RICHARDSON.

EDITED BY

GEORGE LONG DUYCKINCK.

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JULIUS CÆSAR

"The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-two pages; viz. from p. 109 to p. 130 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." The Acts, but not the Scenes, are distinguished; and it appeared in the same manner in the three later folios.

INTRODUCTION.

No early quarto edition of "Julius Cæsar" is known, and there is reason to believe that it never appeared in that form. The manuscript originally used for the folio of 1623 must have been extremely perfect, and free from corruptions, for there is, perhaps, no drama in the volume more accurately printed.

Malone and others have arrived at the conclusion that "Julius Cæsar" could not have been written before 1607. We think there is good ground for believing that it was acted before 1603.

We found this opinion upon some circumstances connected with the publication of Drayton's "Barons' Wars," and the resemblance between a stanza there found, and a passage in "Julius Cæsar," both of which it will be necessary to quote. In Act v. sc. 5, Antony gives the following character of Brutus:—

> "His life was gentle; and *the elements*
> *So mix'd in him*, that *Nature* might stand up
> And say to all the world, *This was a man.*"

In Drayton's "Barons' Wars," book iii. edit. 8vo., 1603, we meet with the subsequent stanza. The author is speaking of Mortimer:—

> "Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
> In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
> In whom in peace *th' elements all lay*
> *So mix'd*, as none could sovereignty impute;
> As all did govern, yet all did obey:
> His lively temper was so absolute,
> That 't seem'd, when heaven his model first began,
> In him it shew'd *perfection in a man.*"

Italic type is hardly necessary to establish that one poet must have availed himself, not only of the thought, but of the very words of the other. The question is, was Shakespeare indebted to Drayton, or Drayton to Shakespeare? We shall not enter into general probabilities, founded upon the original and exhaustless stores of the mind of our great dramatist, but advert to a few dates, which, we think, warrant the conclusion that Drayton, having heard "Julius Cæsar" at the theatre, or seen it in manuscript before 1608, applied to his own purpose, perhaps unconsciously, what, in fact, belonged to another poet.

Drayton's "Barons' Wars" first appeared in 1596, quarto, under the title of "Mortimeriados." Malone had a copy without date, and he and Stevens imagined that the poem had originally been printed in 1598. In the quarto of 1596, and in the undated edition, it is not divided into books, and is in seven-line stanzas: and what is there said of Mortimer bears no likeness whatever to Shakespeare's expressions in "Julius Cæsar." Drayton afterwards changed the title from "Mortimeriados" to "The Barons' Wars," and re-modelled the whole historical poem, altering the stanza from the English ballad form to the Italian *ottava rima*. This course he took before 1603, when it came out in octavo, with the stanza first quoted, which contains so marked a similarity to the lines from "Julius Cæsar." We apprehend that he did so because he had heard or seen Shakespeare's tragedy before 1603; and we think that strong presumptive proof that he was the borrower, and not Shakespeare, is derived from the fact, that in the subsequent impressions of "The Barons' Wars," in 1605, 1608, 1610, and 1613, the stanza remained precisely as in the edition of 1603; but that in 1619, after Shakespeare's death and before "Julius Cæsar" was printed, Drayton made even a nearer approach to the words of his original, thus:—

> "He was a man, then boldly dare to say,
> In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;
> In whom *so mix'd the elements did lay*,
> That none to one could sovereignty impute;
> As all did govern, so did all obey:
> He of a temper was so absolute,
> As that it seem'd, when *Nature* him began,
> She meant to show *all that might be in man*."

We have been thus particular, because the point is obviously of importance, as regards the date when "Julius Cæsar" was brought upon the stage. Malone seems to have thought that "The Barons' Wars" continued under its original name and in its first shape until the edition of 1608, and concluded that the resemblance to Shakespeare was first to be traced in that impression. He had not consulted the copies of 1603, or 1605 (which were not in his possession), for if he had looked at them he must have seen that Drayton had copied "Julius Cæsar" as early as 1603, and, consequently, unless Shakespeare imitated Drayton, that that tragedy must then have been in existence. That Drayton had not remodelled his "Mortimeriados" as late as 1602, we gather from the circumstance, that he reprinted his poems in that year without "The Barons' Wars" in any form or under any title.

Another slight circumstance might be adduced to show that "Julius Cæsar" was even an older tragedy than "Hamlet." In the latter (Act iii. sc. 2) it is said that Julius Cæsar was "killed in the Capitol:" in Shakespeare's drama such is the representation, although contrary to the truth of history. This seems to have been the popular notion, and we find it confirmed in Sir Edward Dyer's "Prayse of Nothing," 1585, quarto, a tract unknown to every bibliographer, where these

words occur: "Thy stately Capitol (proud Rome) had not beheld the bloody fall of pacified Cæsar, if nothing had accompanied him." Robert Greene, a graduate of both Universities, makes the same statement, and Shakespeare may have followed some older play, where the assassination scene was laid in the Capitol: Chaucer had so spoken of it in his "Monk's Tale." It is not, however, likely that Dr. Eedes, who wrote a Latin academical play on the story, acted at Oxford in 1582, should have committed the error.

Shakespeare appears to have derived nearly all his materials from Plutarch, as translated by Sir Thomas North, and first published in 1579[1]. At the same time, it is not unlikely that there was a preceding play, and our reason for thinking so is assigned in a note in Act iii. sc i. It is a new fact, ascertained from an entry in Henslowe's Diary dated 22nd May, 1602, that Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, John Webster, Thomas Middleton, and other poets, were engaged upon a tragedy entitled "Cæsar's Fall." The probability is, that these dramatists united their exertions, in order without delay to bring out a tragedy on the same subject as that of Shakespeare, which, perhaps, was then performing at the Globe Theatre with success. Malone states, that there is no proof that any contemporary writer "had presumed to new-model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakespeare." He forgot that Ben Jonson was engaged upon a "Richard Crookback" in 1602; and he omitted, when examining Henslowe's Diary, to observe, that in the same year four distinguished dramatists, and "other poets," were employed upon "Cæsar's Fall."

From Vertue's manuscripts we learn that a play, called "Cæsar's Tragedy," was acted at Court in 1613, which might be the production of Lord Stirling, Shakespeare's drama, that written by Munday, Drayton, Webster, Middleton, and others, or a play printed in 1607, under the title of "The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey, or Cæsar's Revenge." Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his "Revels' Accounts," (Introd. p. xxv.) has shown that a dramatic piece, with the title of "The Tragedy of Cæsar," was exhibited at Court on Jan. 31, 1636–7.

[1] Lord Stirling published a tragedy under the title of "Julius Cæsar," in 1604: the resemblances are by no means numerous or obvious, and probably not more than may be accounted for by the fact, that two writers were treating the same subject. The popularity of Shakespeare's tragedy about 1603 may have led to the printing of that by Lord Sterling in 1604, and on this account the date is of consequence. Malone appears to have known of no edition of Lord Stirling's "Julius Cæsar" until 1607.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,
} Triumvirs, after the Death of Julius Cæsar.

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA; Senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA,
} Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.
ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, a Poet. Another Poet.
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young CATO, VOLUMNIUS; Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS; Servants to Brutus.
PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.
PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at Rome afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and a body of Citizens.*

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl, I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handywork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O! you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen; and for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort:
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol,
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I 'll about,

And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Public Place.

Enter, in Procession, with Trumpets and other Music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA; *a Soothsayer, and a crowd following them.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases*
Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.
Ant. Cæsar, my lord.
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music*
Sooth. Cæsar!
Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again!
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar! Speak: Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him.—Pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but* BRU. *and* CAS.

Cas. Will you go to see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I 'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours,
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one)
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas. Then Brutus, I have much mistook your passion
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'T is just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself

So well as by reflection, I your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself, which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher,[1] or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting,
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish, and Shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then, must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

[1] laughter: in folio. Pope made the change.

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it, with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish*
Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods

When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls[1] encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous,
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any farther mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such[2] hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Re-enter CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

Cas. As they pass by pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius;
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.

[1] walks: in f. e. [2] these: in f. e.

Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he 's not dangerous:
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his Train.* CASCA *stays behind.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not, then, ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw

Mark Antony offer him a crown:—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again, but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time: he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblemen shouted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And for mine own part I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you. What! did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'T is very like he hath the falling-sickness

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there 's no heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Av, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news, too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well: there was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit* CASCA.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be.
He was quick mettled when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* BRUTUS

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore, 't is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his Sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O, Cicero!
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd[1] upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say.
"These are their seasons,—they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

[1] glaz'd: in folio. Steevens made the change.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life,
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange irruptions are.

Casca. 'T is Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still*
Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar?—But, O grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.
Cas. There 's a bargain made
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already

Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable, dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favour's[1] like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'T is Cinna, I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O, Cassius! if you could but win the noble Brutus
To our party—

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber, and he 's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit* CINNA.

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O! he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him

[1] Is favour's: in folio.

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. BRUTUS's Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: what, Lucius

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit*

Bru. It must be by his death; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that,
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may:
Then, lest he may, prevent: and, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities;

And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Giving him the paper*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides[1] of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the paper, and reads.*
"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"—
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen[2] days.
[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'T is good. Go to the gate: somebody knocks.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of a[3] man,

[1] firs:: in folio. Theobald made the change. [2] fifteen in old copies. Theobald made the change. [3] Some mod eds. omit: a.

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O! then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path[1] thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This Casca; this Cinna;
And this Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper*

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

[1] *Walk;* so used by Dryden.

Casca. No.

Cin. O! pardon, sir, it doth; and yond' grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
[*He takes their hands*

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

[1] Not in f. e.

Cin. No, by no means.
Met. O! let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. O! name him not; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cas. Then, leave him out.
Casca. Indeed he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?
Cas. Decius, well urg'd.—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.
Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy[1] afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let 's crave him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall mark[2]
Our purpose necessary, and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him,
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.
Cas. Yet I fear him:

[1] Used as often, in the sense of *hatred.* [2] make: In t. e

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar——
Bru. Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him.
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*
Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three
Treb. 'T is time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we 'll leave you Brutus.—
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans
Bru Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.

Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS
Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep. It is no matter;
Enjoy the heavy honey-dew[1] of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore, thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you farther; then, you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,

[1] honey-heavy dew: in f. e.

To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and upon my knees [*Kneeling.*[1]
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia. [*Raising her.*[2]

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake

[1] [2] Not in f. e

The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* PORTIA.

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is 't that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O! what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief. Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
[*Throwing away his bandage.*[1]
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins,
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in CÆSAR's Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, *in his Night gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!"—Who 's within?

[1] Not in f. e.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord.

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are[1] two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.
Cal. Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We 'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this. [*Kneeling.*[2]
Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home. [*Raising her.*[2]

Enter DECIUS.

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say, he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will; I will not come
That is enough to satisfy the senate;
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dream'd to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents

[1] were: in f. e Changed by Theobald from "heare": in folio
[2] [2] Not in f. e.

Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted:
It was a vision, fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.
Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar:
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo! Cæsar is afraid?"
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.
Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—
Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.
And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is 't o'clock?
Bru. Cæsar, 't is stricken eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.
Enter ANTONY.
See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you.
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been farther.
Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me,
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar! [*Aside.*[1]
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a Paper.*

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,
"ARTEMIDORUS."
Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this,
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar! thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house:
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy! be strong upon my side:
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

[1] Not in f. e.

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I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else,
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow.
Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I 'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit*
Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is. O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O! I grow faint.—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, *and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O, Cæsar! read mine first; for mine 's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. That touches us? ourself shall be last serv'd.[1]
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What! is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.
CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*
Pop. I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well. [*Advances to* CÆSAR.
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive
I fear, our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

[1] What touches us ourself, &c.: in f. e

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CÆSAR *and the Senators take their Seats.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd[1]; press near, and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Casca.[2] Are we all ready?
Cæs. What is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.— [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These crouchings,[3] and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the law[4] of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crouched[5] curtesies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Met. Is there no voice, more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

[1] *Ready.* [2] *Cæsar:* in f. e. [3] couchings: in f. e. [4] lane: in folio. [5] Low-crooked: in f. e.

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world: 't is furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar!—

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the Neck.* CÆSAR *catches hold of his Arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and last by* MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted.
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where 's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer:
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so:—and let no man abide this deed,
But we, the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where 's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures.—
That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What! shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
[*Kneeling.*
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

[1] Not in f. e

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony. [*Rising.*

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman:
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may; but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
[*Kneeling over the Body.*[3]
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, [*Rising.*[3]
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done.

[3] Note.

Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of welcome, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
[*One after the other.*[1]
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar! O, 'tis true:
[*Turning to the Body, and bending over it.*
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;

[1] Not in f. 1

And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie?
Cas. Mark Antony!
Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend it is cold modesty.
Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That 's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to t' e market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do: do not consent, [*Apart*
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall: I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say, you do 't by our permission,

Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY
Ant. O! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light upon the loins of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havock!" and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.
Enter a Servant.
You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,——
O Cæsar! [*Seeing the Body*
Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet:
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shall not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with* CÆSAR'S *Body*

SCENE II.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of Citizens.*

Cit. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the Citizens.*
BRUTUS *goes into the Rostrum.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar? this is my answer,—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour;

and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then, none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *Body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone;
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair:
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 *Cit.* Nay, that 's certain:
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown:
Therefore, 't is certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now, lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 't is his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We 'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men,
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O! what would come of it?
4 *Cit.* Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will: Cæsar's will!
Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.
4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honourable men!
All. The will! the testament!
2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will.
Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then, make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down.*
3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.
4 *Cit.* A ring! stand round.
1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.
2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony!
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
All. Stand back! room! bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through.
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart,
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O! now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what! weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors! villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

All. We will be revenged. Revenge! about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen. [*They are rushing out.*[1]

1 *Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit,[2] nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] So second folio; writ: in first folio.

All. We 'll mutiny.
1 *Cit.* We 'll burn the house of Brutus.
3 *Cit.* Away then! come, seek the conspirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony; most noble Antony.
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas! you know not:—I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of. [will.
All. Most true;—the will:—let 's stay, and hear the
Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we 'll revenge his death.
3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber: he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: when comes such another?
1 *Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.
3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.
4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt Citizens, with the Body*
Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.—How now, fellow?
Enter a Servant.
Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish: Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard them say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

Enter CINNA, *the Poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlikely[1] charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly; you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly, wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That 's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—you 'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed: directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces: he 's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna, the poet; I am Cinna, the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses; tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter; his name 's Cinna: pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come: brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus, to Cassius; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius. Away! go! [*Exeunt,*[2] *forcing out* CINNA

[1] unlukily: in f. e. [2] The rest of this direction is not in f. e.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in Antony's House.

Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus, *seated at a Table.*

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother, too, must die: consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* Lepidus

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze on commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender;
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit:

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so,
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth.
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion; do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers: we must straight make head,
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;[1]
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so, for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Before BRUTUS' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and Soldiers:* TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meet them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS *gives a Letter to* BRUTUS

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,

[1] So the folio, 1632: first folio gives the line: Our best friends made our means stretch'd.

Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within*

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd.—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and Soldiers.*

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand. [*One after the other, and fainter.*[1]

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them——

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Not in f. e.

SCENE III.—Within the Tent of BRUTUS.

LUCIUS *and* TITINIUS *at some distance from it.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice[1] offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or by the gods this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement does therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I 'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no farther.

[1] *Trifling.*

Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is 't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret, till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of abler[1] men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an older soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not?
Bru. No.
Cas. What! durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

[1] noble: in f. e.

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they did appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes.—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold will give my heart.
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand
Bru. And my heart, too.
Cas. O Brutus!—
Bru. What 's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
[*Noise within*
Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals.
There is some grudge between them; 't is not meet
They be alone.
Luc. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.
Enter Poet.
Cas. How now! What 's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be,
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme.
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah: saucy fellow, hence
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.
Bru. I 'll know his humour, when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion,[1] hence.
Cas. Away, away! be gone. [*Exit Poet.*
Enter LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.

[1] *Fellow.*

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O, insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came.—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O, ye immortal gods!
Enter LUCIUS, *with Wine and Tapers.*
Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*
Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.
Bru. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree:
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one?
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive.—What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is
'T is better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection,
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-hearted[1], and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends.
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life

[1] new-added: in f. e. Dyce reads: new-aided.

Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night has crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cas. No more.—Good night.
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit* Lucius.]—Farewell,
good Messala:—
Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cas. O! my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night.
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother
Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt* Cas. Tit. *and* Mes.
Re-enter Lucius, *with the Gown*:
Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I 'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro, and Claudius!
Enter Varro *and* Claudius.
Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep:
it may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your
pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs:
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Servants lie down.*
Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might:
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long; if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song*
This is a sleepy tune.—O murderous slumber!
[Lucius *falls asleep.*[1]
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:
I 'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—
Let me see, let me see: is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He sits down to read.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns.—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
[*Ghost vanishes.*
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

[1] Not in f. e.

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord.

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou: awake!

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius:
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn[1] us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down

[1] *Summon.*

With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant show:
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army;* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth: the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows is yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless, too.

Bru. O! yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
While damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look; I draw sword against conspirators;—
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds[1]
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the word of traitor.[2]
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope:
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.
Ant. Old Cassius still.
Oct. Come, Antony; away!—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*
Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Luc. My lord. [BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *talk apart.*
Cas. Messala!
Mes. What says the general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now, I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our forward[3] ensign

[1] So old copies. Theobald changed, to three and twenty, to correspond with the classic historians. [2] sword of traitors: in f. e. [3] former: in f. e.

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius. [LUCILIUS *stands back.*
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly! that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age:
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let 's reason with the worst that may befal.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself. I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The term[2] of life,—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of those[3] high powers,
That govern us below.
Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind: but this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began,
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore, our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius.
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] time: in f. e. [3] some: in f. e

If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 't is true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—The Same. The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud Alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—The Same. Another Part of the Field

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look! the villains fly.
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius! Brutus gave the word too early;
Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit*
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill:
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Exit* PINDARUS

This day I breathed first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end:
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on:—now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius!—now some 'light:—O! he 'lights too:—
He 's ta'en: and, hark! [*Shout.*] they shout for joy.
Cas. Come down; behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath:
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate
With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living.—O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set:

The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error! melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error! soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit* MESSALA.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst not thou hear their shouts?
Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee; take this garland on thy brow:
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*
Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.
Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo! yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet:
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low Alarums*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on!—
'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O! yet hold up your heads.
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the Enemy*
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend: know me for Brutus.
[*Exit, charging the Enemy.* CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*
Luc. O, young and noble Cato! art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.
1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.
Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.
[*Offering money*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!
2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I 'll tell the news:—Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en, or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus; slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—
[*Whispering.*
Cli. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then: no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O, Dardanius!
Dar. O, Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius.
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low Alarums*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old I pray thee

Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.
Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.— [*Shaking hands severally.*[1]
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within;* Fly, fly, fly!
Cli. Fly, my lord, fly!
Bru. Hence: I will follow.
[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS
I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some snatch of honour in it:
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.
Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his Sword, and dies.*
Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and their Army.*
Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

[1] Not in f. e.

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a generous[1] honest thought
Of[2] common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt*

[1] general: in f. e. [2] And: in f. e.

MACBETH.

"The Tragedie of Macbeth" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-one pages viz. from p. 131 to p. 151 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." The Acts and Scenes are regularly marked there, as well as in the later folios.

INTRODUCTION.

The only ascertained fact respecting the performance of "Macbeth," in the lifetime of its author, is that it was represented at the Globe Theatre on the 20th of April, 1610. Whether it was then a new play, it is impossible to decide; but we are inclined to think that it was not, and that Malone was right in his conjecture, that it was first acted about the year 1606. The subsequent account of the plot is derived from Dr. Simon Forman's manuscript Diary, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, from which it appears, that he saw "Macbeth" played at the Globe on the day we have stated:—

"In Macbeth, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women Fairies, or Nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth, King of Codor, for thou shalt be a King, but shalt beget no Kings, &c. Then, said Banquo, What! all to Macbeth, and nothing to me? Yes, said the Nymphs, Hail to thee, Banquo; thou shalt beget Kings, yet be no King. And so they departed, and came to the Court of Scotland, to Duncan, King of Scots, and it was in the days of Edward the Confessor. And Duncan had them both kindly welcome, and made Macbeth forthwith Prince of Northumberland; and sent him home to his own Castle, and appointed Macbeth to provide for him, for he would sup with him the next day at night, and did so.

"And Macbeth contrived to kill Duncan, and through the persuasion of his wife did that night murder the king in his own Castle, being his guest. And there were many prodigies seen that night and the day before. And when Macbeth had murdered the King, the blood on his hands could not be washed off by any means, nor from his wife's hands, which handled the bloody daggers in hiding them, by which means they became both much amazed and affronted.

"The murder being known, Duncan's two sons fled, the one to England, the [other to] Wales, to save themselves: they, being fled, were supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was noth ng so.

"Then was Macbeth crowned King, and then he for fear of Banquo, his old companion, that he should beget kings but be no king himself, he contrived the death of Banquo, and caused him to be murdered on the way that he rode. The night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast, (to the which also Banquo should have come,) he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came, and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth.

"Then Macduff fled to England to the King's son, and so they raised an army and came to Scotland, and at Dunston Anyse overthrew Macbeth. In the mean time, while Macduff was in England, Macbeth slew Macduff's wife and children, and after, in the battle, Macduff slew Macbeth.

"Observe, also, how Macbeth's Queen did rise in the night in her sleep, and walk, and talked and confessed all, and the Doctor noted her words."

Our principal reason for thinking that "Macbeth" had been originally represented at least four years before 1610, is the striking allusion, in Act iv. sc. 1, to the union of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the hands of James I. That monarch ascended the throne in March, 1602–3, and the words,

"Some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry,"

would have had little point, if we suppose them to have been delivered after the king who bore the balls and sceptres had been more than seven years on the throne. James was proclaimed king of Great Britain and Ireland on the 24th of October, 1604, and we may perhaps conclude that Shakespeare wrote "Macbeth" in the year 1605, and that it was first acted at the Globe, when it was opened for the summer season, in the spring of 1606.

Malone elaborately supports his opinion, that "Macbeth" was produced in 1606, by two allusions in the speech of the Porter, Act ii. sc. 3, to the cheapness of corn, and to the doctrine of equivocation, which had been supported by Robert Garnet, who was executed on the 3d of May, 1606. We are generally disposed to place little confidence in such passages, not only because they are frequently obscure in their application, but because they may have been introduced at any subsequent period, either by the author or actor, with the purpose of exciting the applause of the audience, by reference to some circumstance then attracting public attention. We know that dramatists were in the constant habit of making additions and alterations, and that comic performers had the vice of delivering "more than was set down for them." The speech of the Porter, in which the two supposed temporary allusions are contained, is exactly of the kind which the performer of the part might be inclined to enlarge, and so strongly was Coleridge convinced that it was an interpolation by the player, that he boldly "pledged himself to demonstrate it." (Lit. Rem. vol. ii. p. 235.) This notion was not new to him in 1818; for three years earlier he had publicly declared it in a lecture devoted to "Macbeth," although he admitted that there was something of Shakespeare in "the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." It may be doubted whether he would have made this concession, if he had not recollected "the primrose path of dalliance" in "Hamlet."

Shakespeare, doubtless, derived all the materials he required from Holinshed, without resorting to Boethius, or to any other authority. Steevens continued to maintain, that Shakespeare was indebted, in some degree, to Middleton's "Witch" for

the preternatural portion of "Macbeth;" but Malone, who at first entertained the same view of the subject, ultimately abandoned it, and became convinced that "The Witch" was a play written subsequently to the production of "Macbeth." Those who read the two will, perhaps, wonder how a doubt could have been entertained. "The Witch," in all probability, was not written until about 1613; and what must surprise every body is, that a poet of Middleton's rank could so degrade the awful beings of Shakespeare's invention; for although, as Lamb observes, "the power of Middleton's witches is in some measure over the mind," (Specimens of Engl. Dram. Poets, p. 174,) they are of a degenerate race, as if, Shakespeare having created them, no other mind was sufficiently gifted even to continue their existence.

Whether Shakespeare obtained his knowledge regarding these agents, and of the locality he supposes them to have frequented, from actual observation, is a point we have considered in the Biography of the poet. The existing evidence on the question is there collected, and we have shown, that ten years before the date hitherto assigned to that circumstance, a company called "the Queen's Players" had visited Edinburgh. This fact is quite new in the history of the introduction of English theatrical performances into Scotland. That the Queen's comedians were north of the Tweed in 1599, on the invitation of James VI., we have distinct evidence: we know also that they were in Aberdeen in 1601, when the freedom of the city was presented to Laurence Fletcher (the first name in the patent of 1603); but to establish that they were in Edinburgh in 1589 gives much more latitude for speculation on the question, whether Shakespeare, in the interval of about fourteen years before James I. ascended the throne of England, had at any time accompanied his fellow-actors to Scotland.

At whatever date we suppose Shakespeare to have written "Macbeth," we may perhaps infer, from a passage in Kemp's "Nine Days' Wonder," 1600, that there existed a ballad upon the story, which may have been older than the tragedy: such is the opinion of the Rev. Mr. Dyce, in his notes to the reprint of this tract by the Camden Society, p. 84. The point, however, is doubtful, and it is obvious that Kemp did not mean to be very intelligible: his other allusions to ballad-makers of his time are purposely obscure.

"Macbeth" was inserted by the player-editors in the folio of 1623; and, as in other similar cases, we may presume that it had not come from the press at an earlier date, because in the books of the Stationers' Company it is registered by Blount and Jaggard, on the 8th of November, 1623, as one of the plays "not formerly entered to other men." It has been handed down in an unusually complete state, for not only are the divisions of the acts pointed out, but the subdivisions of the scenes carefully and accurately noted.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
MALCOLM, } his Sons.
DONALBAIN, }
MACBETH, } Generals of his Army.
BANQUO, }
MACDUFF, }
LENOX, }
ROSSE, } Thanes of Scotland.
MENTETH, }
ANGUS, }
CATHNESS, }
FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.
Young SIWARD, his Son.
SEYTON, an Officer attending Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.
A Soldier. A Porter. An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending Lady Macbeth.
HECATE, and Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers,

The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth Act, in England, through the rest of the Play, in Scotland.

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open Place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly 's[1] done,
When the battle 's lost and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:
3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!
All. Paddock[2] calls:—Anon.—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Witches vanish*

SCENE II.—A Camp near Fores.

Sennet within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king thy knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.
Sold. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together

[1] A name intimating the sownd of that it signifieth. as *hurly burly*, for an uprore and tumultuous stirre.—*Peacham's Garden of Eloquence*, 1577 [2] A *toad*.

And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses[1] is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel[2] smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak;
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,[3]
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds.
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Soldier, attended.*

[1] Vide Second Part of Henry VI., Act iv., Sc. ix. [2] quarry: in folio. Johnson made the change. [3] Not in first folio. Pope changed "breaking" of second. to "break."

Enter ROSSE *and* ANGUS.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look, that comes[1] to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed at Saint Colmes' Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse I 'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd: "Give me," quoth I:—
"Aroint[2] thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon[3] cries.
Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I 'll thither sail,

[1] seems: in f. e. [2] Still used in the sense of *driving away*, or *imprecation*, in parts of England; "ryut thee," is a phrase addressed to cows, by milkmaids, when milking. [3] Fr. *rogneux*, scurf.

And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.
3 *Witch.* And I another.
1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card to show.[1]
I'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid.
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.—
Look what I have.
2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.
1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
3 *Witch.* A drum! a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird[2] sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is't called to Fores?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
Macb. Speak, if you can.—What are you?
1 *Witch.* All hail! Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

[1] The words "to show," are not in f. e. [2] Saxon, *wyrd*, fatal.

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.—Whither have they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about,
Or have we eaten on the insane root[1],
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

[1] *Hemlock*

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE *and* ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,[1]
Came[2] post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me from him call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,
For it is thine.

Ban. What! can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor.
The greatest is behind. [*Aside.*] Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, thrusted[3] home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;

[1] Rowe reads: hail. [2] Can: in folio. [3] trusted: in f. e

Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. [*Aside.*] I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting [*Aside.*
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, where murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is,
But what is not.
Ban. Look, how our partner 's rapt.
Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.
Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten.—Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
[*To* BANQUO.] Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN LENOX, *and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back; but I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 't were a careless trifle.
Dun. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin! [*Embrace.*
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wind[2] of recompense is slow
To overtake thee: would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been more[3]! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.
Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so: let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart. [*Embrace*
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] wing: in f. e. [3] mine in f. e. [4] Not in f. e.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us farther to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you
I 'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires:
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Inverness. A Room in MACBETH's Castle.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a letter.*

Lady M. [*Reads.*] "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them farther, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou might-est not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd.—Yet do I fear thy nature.
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue,
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—

Enter an Attendant

What is your tidings?

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending:
He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*] The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty: make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blankness[1] of the dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!"—

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
[*They embrace.*[2]
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady M. O! never
Shall sun that morrow see.
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters: to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that 's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak farther.
Lady M. Only look up clear:
To alter favour ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. Before the Castle.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they much[3] breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

[1] blanket: in f. e. [2] Not in f. e. [3] most: in f. e.; altered by Rowe, from "must," of folio.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess.—
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love: herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.[1]

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer,[2] and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then, enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal[3] of time,
We 'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach

[1] *Beadsmen*—bound to pray for a benefactor. [2] An officer who placed and removed dishes. [3] schoole: in folio. Theobald made the change.

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor: thus[1] even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject;
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other.—

Enter Lady MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?[2]

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace.

[1] thus: in f. e [2] "'The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet."

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do[1] more is none.
Lady M. What boast was 't, then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail?
Lady M. We fail?[2]
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,[4]
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?[5]
Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?
Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?
Macb. I am settled; and bend up

[1] no: in folio. [2] beast: in f e. [3] Some eds. place an exclamation or comma, in place of the interrogation point; such, Dyce informs us, was Mrs. Siddons' delivery of the passage—as if "we fail," was the conclusion of MACBETH's remark [4] *Overpower.* [5] *Murder.*

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. Court within the Castle.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE, *with a torch before him.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There 's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.—
Enter MACBETH, *and a Servant with a torch.*
Who 's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All 's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business.
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macb. Good repose, the while.
Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you.
[*Exeunt* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE.
Macb. Go; bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.—
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon[1], gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleeper:[2] witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides,[3] towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:

[1] *Root of box-wood*, of which dagger handles were made. [2] sleep in f e [3] sides: in folio. Pope made the change.

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell,
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold: [Peace!—
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—Hark!—
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who 's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 't is not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Showing his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried, "murder!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen," the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say amen,
When they did say God bless us.
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways: so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave[1] of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!"
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again, I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit.—Knocking within*
Macb. Whence is that knocking?—
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.

[1] *Unwrought silk.*

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red.[1]

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knock.*] Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself. [*Knock*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking: I would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here 's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old[2] turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub?—Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock. Who 's there, in the other devil's name?—'Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O! come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who 's there?—'Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting

[1] So the old copies; some mod. eds. read: the green—one red
[2] Used, as often, as an augmentative.

bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon: I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him a-sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—

Enter MACBETH,[1] *in his night-gown.*

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good-morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him: I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I 'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 't is one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I 'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service. [*Exit* MACDUFF

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,

[1] The rest of this direction is not in f. e.

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee.

Macb. Len. What 's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak:
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—
[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX.
Ring the alarum-bell!—Murder, and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm, awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself: up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell! [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O, gentle lady
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,

Enter BANQUO *unready.*[1]

Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!
Our royal master 's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What! in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.

[1] This word is not in f. o.

Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time, for from this instant
There 's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys: renown and grace are dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father 's murder'd.
Mal. O! by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't.
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted.
No man's life was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O! yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady. [*Lady* MACBETH *swoons.*
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What should be spoken
Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let 's away: our tears

[1] Not in f. e

Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady.— [*Lady* MACB. *is borne out*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it farther. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence[1] I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but* MAL. *and* DON

Mal. What will you do? Let 's not consort with them
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I 'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I: our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There 's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there 's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Without the Castle.

Enter ROSSE *and an Old Man.*

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah! good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 't is day,
And yet dark night strangles the travailing[2] lamp.

[1] *Intention* [2] So old copies; most mod eds. read: travelling

Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?
Old M. 'T is unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.
Rosse. And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and certain)
Beauteous and swift. the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.
Old M. 'T is said, they ate each other.
Rosse. They did so; to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff.—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why. see you not?
Rosse. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborn'd.
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then, 't is most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colme-kill;
The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Rosse. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin; I 'll to Fife.
Rosse. Well, I will thither
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there:—adieu—
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those,
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches show)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more.
Sennet. *Enter* MACBETH, *as King; Lady* MACBETH, *as Queen;* LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*
Macb. Here 's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I 'll request your presence.
Ban. Lay your highness'[1]
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time

[1] Let your highness: in f. e.

'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become the borrower of the night
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord, our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.— [*Exit* BANQUO
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you
[*Exeunt Lady* MACBETH, *Lords, Ladies, &c.*
Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?
Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit Atten.*] To be
thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much he dares
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear, and under him
My genius is rebuk'd, as it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I 'fil'd[1] my mind,

[1] *Defiled.*

For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance[1].—Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now, go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, "Thus did Banquo."

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us

Macb. I did so; and went farther, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the quill
That writes them all alike; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file

[1] Fr. *à l'outrance*, extremity.

Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
1 *Mur.* And I another,
So wearied with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.
Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
2 *Mur.* True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life. And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1 *Mur.* Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you, with a perfect spy, o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness: and with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I 'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord,
Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.
[*Exeunt Murderers.*
It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH *and a Servant.*

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the eternal frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him farther!
Lady M. Come on:
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo:
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue

Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours
In these flattering streams, and make our faces
Vizards to our hearts, disguising what they are.
Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.
Macb. There 's comfort yet; they are assailable:
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne[1] beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What 's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling[2] night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Park, with a road leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur.* Macbeth.
2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To thy direction just.
1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and here[3] approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses
Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then, 't is he: the rest,

[1] *Scaly-winged.* [2] *Blinding.* [3] near: in f. e.

That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.
1 *Mur.* His horses go about.
3 *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *with a torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!
3 *Mur.* 'T is he.
1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*Strikes* BANQUO
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly:
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave! [*Dies.* FLE. *escapes.*
3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?
1 *Mur.* Was 't not the way?
3 *Mur.* There 's but one down: the son is fled.
2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let 's away, and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, *Lady* MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.
Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon, we 'll drink a measure

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

The table round.—There 's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'T is Banquo's then.
Macb. 'T is better thee without, than him within.
Is he despatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats;

Yet he is good, that did the like for Fleance:
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock, [perfect;
As broad and general as the casing air;
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trench'd gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that.—
There the grown serpent lies: the worm, that 's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: to-morrow
We 'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd the while 't is making[1];
'T is given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May it please your highness sit?
[*The Ghost of* BANQUO *enters, and sits in* MACBETH'S *place.*
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!
Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table 's full.
Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.
[*Pointing to the Ghost.*[2]
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?

[1] vou 'h'd while t is a making: in f. e. [2] These directions not in f. e

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat.
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his passion,
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
[*Coming to* MACBETH: *aside to him*[1]
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O! these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?—
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Ghost.*
Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie! for shame
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' older time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now, they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord, [*Going back to her state.*
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb I do forget.—

[1] [2] These directions not in f. e.

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all
Then, I 'll sit down.—Give me some wine: fill full.—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:
Re-enter Ghost.
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight. Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I exhibit,[1] then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
[*Exit Ghost.*
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not: he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:

[1] inhabit: in f. e.

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty.
Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*
Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak,
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There 's not a one of them, but in his house
I 'll keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.
Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we 'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I 'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I 'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
And, you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Song. [*Within.*] *Come away, come away, &c.*

Hark! I am call'd: my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit* HECATE

1 *Witch.* Come, let 's make haste: she 'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt Witches.*

SCENE VI.—Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LENOX *and another Lord.*

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead;
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,

To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely, too;
For 't would have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an 't please heaven, he shall not) they should find
What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone, to pray the holy king upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;
That by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, "Sir, not I;"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, "You 'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I 'll send my prayers with him! [*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3 *Witch.* Harper[1] cries,—'T is time, 't is time.
1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—
Toad, that under cold stone,
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron[2],
For the ingredients of our cauldron,
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

[1] Harpier: in f. e. [2] *Entrails.*

2 *Witch* Cool it with a baboon's blood;
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, *and other Witches.*

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music, and a Song.* "*Black spirits,*" *&c.*[1] *Exit* HECATE.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.— [*Knocking.*
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bleaded[2] corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
Though castles topple o'er[3] their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do stoop[4]
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins[5] tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We 'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that 's sweaten

[1] The rest of this direction is not in f. e. The song is probably the same as that in Middleton's Witch:

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

[2] bladed: in f. e. [3] on: in f. e. [4] slope: in f. e. [5] *Germinating seeds.* Folio reads: germains.

From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.
Thunder. 1 *Apparition, an armed Head.*
Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
2 *Witch.* He knows thy thought.
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
1 *App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—enough.
[*Descends*
Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks:
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.—But one word more.—
1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.
Thunder. 2 *Apparition, a bloody Child.*
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends*
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,
Thunder. 3 *Apparition, a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand.*
That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to 't.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebe lion's[1] head, rise never, till the wood

[1] Rebellious: in f. e.

Of Birnam rise; and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*The cauldron descends.*[1] *Hautboys sound.*

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

A show of eight Kings, and BANQUO *first and last,*[2] *with a Glass in his Hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls;—and thy hair.
Thou other gold-bound brow art like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh? I 'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 't is true;
For the blood-bolter'd[3] Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The witches dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in! without there!

[1] The first part of this direction is not in f. e. [2] BANQUO *last* in f. e. [3] *Besmeared*

Enter LENOX.

Len. What 's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?
Len. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I 'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more flights[1].—Where are these gentlemen?
Come; bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Fife. A Room in MACDUFF's Castle.

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her Son, and* ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done to make him fly the land?
Rosse. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not:
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

[1] sights: in f. e.

All is the fear, and nothing is the love:
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much farther:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know 't[1] ourselves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way and move.—I take my leave of you:
'T shall[2] not be long but I 'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!
L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.
Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Rosse
L. Macd. Sirrah, your father 's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As birds do, mother.
L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.
Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.
L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.
L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit;
And yet i' faith, with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?
L. Macd. Ay, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor?
L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors that do so?

[1] know: in f. e. [2] Shall: in f. e.

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you 'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage,
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm; but I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly! why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He 's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd[1] villain.

Mur. What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery.

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*

[*Exit Lady* MACDUFF, *crying murder, and pursued by the Murderers.*

[1] Probably a misprint for "hair'd."

SCENE III.—England. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I 'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will:
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve[1] of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon.
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,

[1] discern · in folio. Theobald made the change

For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs;
Thy title is affeer'd[1] !—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
[*Showing a Paper.*
Of goodly thousands; but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be ripen'd[2], black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there 's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.
Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been

[1] affear'd: in folio. To *affeer*, is a law phrase, for to *affirm*. [2] Not in f. e. [3] open'd: in f. e.

Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Enjoy[1] your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other 's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root,
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foison[2] to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O, nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne

[1] Convey: in f. e. [2] foisons: in f. e.; *plenty*.

By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well.
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me, for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now, we 'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces[1]
The great assay of heart; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

[1] *Overcomes.*

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What 's the disease he means?

Mal. 'T is call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often, since my here remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well, too

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No; they were well, at peace, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men:
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air
Where hearing should not latch[1] them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause, or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner
Were, on the quarry[2] of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all

[1] *Catch.* [2] *Heap of dead game*

That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it like a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O! I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue.—But, gentle Heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune[1] goes manly.
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt*

[1] time: in folio Rowe made the change.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a Taper.*

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue 'n this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly. [*Taking out his Tables.*[1]

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 't is time to do 't.—Hell is murky!—

[1] Not in f. e

Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that? [*Writing.*[1]

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord; no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.—

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried: he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed: there 's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What 's done, cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady* MACBETH.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night:
My mind she has mated[2], and amaz'd my sight.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] *Astonished*

I think, but dare not speak.
Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.
Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming.
Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?
Len. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many untough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say, he 's mad: others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd course[1]
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach:
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Ment. Who, then, shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?
Cath. Well; march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Men. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds

[1] cause: in f. e.

Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter MACBETH, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus:—
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee."—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?[1]
Death of thy soul! those linen checks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—[*Exit Serv.*[2]] Seyton!—
I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair[3] me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my May[4] of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

[1] *Fool.* [2] Not in f. e. [3] cheer: in f. e. [4] way: in f. e. Johnson also suggested the change.

Macb. I 'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'T is not needed yet.
Macb. I 'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr[1] the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous grief,[2]
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister unto himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I 'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on: give me my staff.—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, despatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna[3], or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hear'st thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord: your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*
Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

[1] *Scour.* [2] stiff: in f. e [3] cyme: in folio Rowe made the change.

SCENE IV.—Country near Dunsinane: a Wood in view.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, *and his Son,* MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, *and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.
Mal. 'T is his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be gotten,[1]
Both more[2] and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not farc'd[3] with those that should be ours,

[1] given: in f. e. [2] *Greater.* [3] forc'd: in f. e.

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
[*A cry within, of Women.*
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fear.
The time has been, my senses would have quail'd[2]
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell[3] of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,
As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—
Re-enter SEYTON.[4]
Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter:
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.
Enter a Messenger.
Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story, quickly.
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do 't.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar, and slave!
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—

[1] Not in f. e. [2] cool'd: in f. e. [3] *Skin.* [4] Not in f. e.

I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish th' estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Plain before the Castle

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c., and their Army with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.—The Same. Another Part of the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What 's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name,
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name 's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant: with my sword
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young* SIWARD *is slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman:—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be:
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune,
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord.—The castle 's gently render'd:
The tyrant 's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war.
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight*

Macb. Thou losest labour.
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;

I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I 'll not fight with thee
Macd. Then, yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."
Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd be of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be he that first cries, "Hold, enough!"
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter. with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSSE, *Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he.
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He 's worth more sorrow.
And that I 'll spend for him.
Siw. He 's worth no more:
They say, he parted well, and paid his score,
And God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.
Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *Head, on a Pike.*
Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands [*Sticking the Pike in the ground.*[1]
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free.
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!
All. Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flourish.*
Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with our several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls; the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What 's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place.
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt*

[1] Not in f. e.

HAMLET.

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke By William Shake-speare. As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where. At London printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell. 1603. 4to. 33 leaves.

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1604. 4to. 51 leaves.

The title-page of the edition of 1605 does not differ in the most minute particular from that of 1604.

The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppy. At London, Printed for Iohn Smethwicke and are to be sold at his shoppe in Saint Dunstons Church yeard in Fleetstreet. Vnder the Diall. 1611. 4to. 51 leaves.

The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. Newly Imprinted and inlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy lastly Printed. By William Shakespeare. London, Printed by W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstan's Church-yard in Fleetstreet: Vnder the Diall. 4to. 51 leaves.

This undated edition was probably printed in 1607, as it was entered at Stationers' Hall on Nov. 19, in that year. An impression, by R. Young, in 4to, 1637, has also John Smethwicke at the bottom of the title-page.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke," occupies thirty-one pages, in the division of "Tragedies;" viz. from p. 152 to p. 280 inclusive, there being a mistake of 100 pages between p. 156 and what ought to have been p. 157.

INTRODUCTION.

THE story upon which, there is reason to believe, Shakespeare founded his tragedy of "Hamlet," has recently been reprinted, from the only known perfect copy[1], as part of a work called "Shakespeare's Library;" and there is, perhaps, nothing more remarkable than the manner in which our great dramatist wrought these barbarous, uncouth, and scanty materials into the magnificent structure he left behind him. A comparison of "The Historie of Hamblet," as it was translated at an early date from the French of Belleforest[2], with "The Tragedy of Hamlet," is calculated to give us the most exalted notion of, and profound reverence for, the genius of Shakespeare: his vast superiority to Green and Lodge was obvious in "The Winter's Tale," and "As You Like It;" but the novels of "Pandosto" and "Rosalynde," as narratives, were perhaps as far above "The Historie of Hamblet," as "The Winter's Tale" and "As You Like It" were above the originals from which their main incidents were derived. Nothing, in point of fact, can be much more worthless, in story and style, than the production to which it is supposed Shakespeare was indebted for the foundation of his "Hamlet."

There is, however, some ground for thinking, that a lost play upon similar incidents preceded the work of Shakespeare: how far that lost play might be an improvement upon the old translated "Historie" we have no means of deciding, nor to what extent Shakespeare availed himself of such improvement. A drama, of which Hamlet was the hero, was certainly in being prior to the year 1587, (in all probability too early a date for Shakespeare to have been the writer of it) for we find it thus alluded to by Thomas Nash, in his preliminary epistle to the "Menaphon" of Robert Greene,

[1] Dr. Farmer had an imperfect copy of it, but it is preserved entire among Capell's books in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and was printed in 1608, by Richard Bradocke, for Thomas Pavier. "There can be little doubt that it had originally come from the press considerably before the commencement of the seventeenth century, although the multiplicity of readers of productions of the kind, and the carelessness with which such books were regarded after perusal, has led to the destruction, as far as can now be ascertained, of every earlier copy."—Introduction to Part IV. of "Shakespeare's Library."

[2] Belleforest derived his knowledge of the incidents from the History of Denmark, by Saxo Grammaticus, first printed in 1514.

published in that year[3]:—"Yet English Seneca, read by candle-light, yeelds many good sentences, as *blood is a beggar*, and so forth; and if you entreat him fair in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfuls, of tragical speeches." The writer is referring to play-poets and their productions at that period, and he seems to have gone out of his way, in order to introduce the very name of the performance against which he was directing ridicule. Another piece of evidence, to the same effect, but of a more questionable kind, is to be found in Henslowe's Diary, under the date of June 9th, 1594, when a "Hamlet" was represented at the theatre at Newington Butts: that it was then an old play is ascertained from the absence of the mark, which the old manager usually prefixed to first performances, and from the fact that his share of the receipts was only nine shillings. At that date, however, the company to which Shakespeare belonged was in joint occupation of the same theatre, and it is certainly possible, though improbable, that the drama represented on June 9th, 1594, was Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

We feel confident, however, that the "Hamlet" which has come down to us in at least six quarto impressions, in the folio of 1623, and in the later impressions in that form, was not written until the winter of 1601, or the spring of 1602.

Malone, Steevens, and the other commentators, were acquainted with no edition of the tragedy anterior to the quarto of 1604, which professes to be "enlarged to almost as much again as it was:" they, therefore, reasonably suspected that it had been printed before; and within the last twenty years a single copy of an edition in 1603 has been discovered. This, in fact, seems to have been the abbreviated and imperfect edition, consisting of only about half as much as the impression of 1604. It belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, and, by the favour of his Grace, is now before us. From whose press it came we have no information, but it professed to be "printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell." The edition of the following year was printed by I. R. for N. L. only; and why Trundell ceased to have any interest in the publication we know not. N. L. was Nicholas Ling; and I. R., the printer of the edition of 1604, was, no doubt, James Roberts, who, two years before, had made the following entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:—

> "26 July 1602.
>
> James Roberts] A booke, The Revenge of Hamlett prince of Denmarke, as yt was latelie acted by the Lord Chamberlayn his servantes."

"The words, "as it was lately acted," are important upon the question of date, and the entry farther proves, that the tragedy had been performed by the company to which Shake

[3] We give the date of 1587 on the excellent authority of the Rev. A. Dyce, (Greene's Works, vol. i. pp. xxxvii. and ciii.) We have never been able to meet with any impression earlier than that of 1589. Sir Egerton Brydges reprinted the tract from the edition of 1616, (when its name had been changed to "Green's Arcadia") in "Archaica," vol i.

speare belonged. In the spring of 1603 "the Lord Chamberlain's servants" became the King's players; and on the title-page of the quarto of 1603 it is asserted that it had been acted "by his Highness' servants." On the title-page of the quarto of 1604 we are not informed that the tragedy had been acted by any company.

Thus we see, that in July, 1602, there was an intention to print and publish a play called "The Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark;" and this intention, we may fairly conclude, arose out of the popularity of the piece, as it was then acted by "the Lord Chamberlain's servants," who, in May following, obtained the title of "the King's players." The object of Roberts in making the entry already quoted, was to secure it to himself, being, no doubt, aware that other printers and booksellers would endeavor to anticipate him. It seems probable, that he was unable to obtain such a copy of "Hamlet" as he would put his name to; but some inferior and nameless printer, who was not so scrupulous, having surreptitiously secured a manuscript of the play, however imperfect, which would answer the purpose, and gratify public curiosity, the edition bearing date in 1603 was published. Such, we have little doubt, was the origin of the impression of which only a single copy has reached our day, and of which, probably, but a few were sold, as its worthlessness was soon discovered, and it was quickly entirely superseded by the enlarged impression of 1604.

As an accurate reprint was made in 1825 of "The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke," 1603, it will be unnecessary to go in detail into proofs to establish, as we could do without much difficulty, the following points:— 1. That great part of the play, as it there stands, was taken down in short-hand. 2. That where mechanical skill failed the short-hand writer, he either filled up the blanks from memory, or employed an inferior writer to assist him. 3. That although some of the scenes were carelessly transposed, and others entirely omitted, in the edition of 1603, the drama, as it was acted while the short-hand writer was employed in taking it down, was, in all its main features, the same as the more perfect copy of the tragedy printed with the date of 1604. It is true, that in the edition of 1603, Polonius is called Corambis, and his servant, Montano, and we may not be able to determine why these changes were made in the immediately subsequent impression; but we may perhaps conjecture that they were names in the older play on the same story, or names which Shakespeare at first introduced, and subsequently thought fit to reject. We know that Ben Jonson changed the whole *dramatis personæ* of his "Every Man in his Humour."

But although we entirely reject the quarto of 1603, as an authentic "Hamlet," it is of high value in enabling us to settle the text of various important passages. It proves, besides, that certain portions of the play, as it appears in the folio of 1623, which do not form part of the quarto of 1604, were originally acted, and were not, as has been hitherto

imagined, subsequent introductions. We have pointed out these and other peculiarities so fully in our notes, that we need not dwell upon them here; but we may mention, that in Act iii. sc. 4, the quarto of 1603 explains a curious point of stage-business, which puzzled all the commentators. Just as the Ghost is departing from the Queen's closet, Hamlet exclaims,

"Look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!"

Malone, Steevens, and Monck Mason argue the question whether in this scene, the Ghost, as in former scenes, ought to wear armour, or to be dressed in "his own familiar habit;" and they conclude, either that Shakespeare had "forgotten himself," or had meant "to vary the dress of the Ghost at this his last appearance." The quarto of 1603, shows exactly how the poet's intention was carried into effect, for there we meet with the stage-direction, "Enter the Ghost in his night-gown;" and such was unquestionably the appearance of the performer of the part when the short-hand writer saw the tragedy, with a view to the speedy publication of a fraudulent impression. "My father, in *the* habit as he lived," are the words he recorded from the mouth of the actor of Hamlet.

The impression of 1604 being intended to supersede that of 1603, which gave a most mangled and imperfect notion of the drama in its true state, we may perhaps presume that the quarto of 1604 was, at least, as authentic a copy of "Hamlet" as the editions of any of Shakespeare's plays that came from the press during his lifetime. It contains various passages, some of them of great importance to the conduct and character of the Hero, not to be found in the folio of 1623; while the folio includes other passages which are left out in the quarto of 1604; although, as before remarked, we have the evidence of the quarto of 1603, that they were originally acted. The different quarto impressions were printed from each other; and even that of 1637, though it makes some verbal changes, contains no distinct indication that the printer had resorted to the folios.

The three later folios, in this instance as in others, were printed from the immediately preceding edition in the same form; but we are inclined to think, that if "Hamlet," in the folio of 1623, were not composed from some now unknown quarto, it was derived from a manuscript obtained by Heminge and Condell from the theatre. The Acts and Scenes are, however, marked only in the first and second Acts, after which no divisions of the kind are noticed; and where Act iii. commences is merely matter of modern conjecture. Some large portions of the play appear to have been omitted for the sake of shortening the performance; and any editor who should content himself with reprinting the folio, without large additions from the quartos, would present but an imperfect notion of the drama as it came from the hand of the poet. The text of "Hamlet" is, in fact, only to be obtained from a comparison of the editions in quarto and folio, but the misprints in the latter are quite as numerous and glaring as in

the former. In various instances we have been able to correct the one by the other, and it is in this respect chiefly that the quarto of 1603 is of intrinsic value.

Coleridge, after vindicating himself from the accusation that he had derived his ideas of Hamlet from Schlegel, (and we heard him broach them some years before the Lectures, *Ueber Dramatische Kunst und Litteratur*, were published,) thus, in a few sentences, sums up the character of Hamlet:—"In Hamlet, Shakespeare seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses, and our meditation on the workings of our mind,—an *equilibrium* between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed; his thoughts and the images of his fancy are far more vivid than his actual perceptions; and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the medium of his contemplations, acquire, as they pass, a form and a color not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, an almost enormous, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakespeare places in circumstances under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment. Hamlet is brave, and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve." (Lit. Rem. vol. ii. p. 205.)

It has generally been supposed that Joseph Taylor was the original actor of Hamlet—and Wright, in his "Historia Histrionica," 1699, certainly speaks of him as having performed the part. This, however, must have been after the death of Richard Burbage, which happened precisely eighty years before Wright published his tract. We know, from the manuscript Elegy upon Burbage, sold among Heber's books, that he was the earliest representative of Hamlet; and there the circumstance of his being "fat and scant of breath," in the fencing scene, is noticed in the very words of Shakespeare. Taylor did not belong to the company for which Shakspeare wrote at the date when "Hamlet" was produced.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.
HAMLET, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.
HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet.
POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.
LAERTES, his Son.
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, } Courtiers.
OSRICK, a Courtier.
Another Courtier.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, } Officers.
FRANCISCO, a Soldier.
REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius.
A Captain. Ambassadors.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.
Two Clowns, Grave-diggers.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.
OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Sailors Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Elsinore.

HAMLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle
FRANCISCO *on his Post.* *Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Ber. Who 's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold
Yourself.
Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'T is new[1] struck twelve: get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief much thanks. 'T is bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals[2] of my watch, bid them make haste.
Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.
Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O! farewell, honest soldier
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit* FRANCISCO
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say.

[1] now: in f. e. [2] *Companions.*

What! is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.
Hor.[1] What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says, 't is but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us:
Therefore, I have entreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.
Hor. Tush, tush! 't will not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yond' same star, that 's westward from the pole,
Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
Mar. Peace! break thee off: look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost, armed.[2]

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that 's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it stalks away.
Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit Ghost.*

[1] *Marcellus:* in quarto, 1603, and folio. [2] This word is not added in f. e.

Mar. 'T is gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look pale
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on 't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious Norway combated:
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks[1] on the ice.
'T is strange.
Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump[2] at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now, sit down; and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast[3] of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?
Who is 't, that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd

[1] *Poles.* [2] just: in folio. [3] cost: in quartos

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart,
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved[2] mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of lawless[3] resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in in 't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those 'foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but e'en so:[4]
Well may it sort,[5] that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on—
Have heaven and earth, together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!
I 'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion.
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,

covenant: in folio. [2] inapproved: in quarto, 1603. [3] la adléss in folio. [4] This and the seventeen following lines, are not in quarto 1603, or folio. [5] *Agree*

Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it: stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.
Mar. Shall I strike at[1] it with my partisan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.
Ber. 'T is here!
Hor. 'T is here.
Mar. 'T is gone. [*Exit Ghost.*
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,[2]
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir[3] abroad:
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike
No fairy takes,[4] nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is that time.
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yond' high eastern hill.
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,

[1] Not in quartos. [2] day: in folio. [3] dare walk: in quarto, 1603 can walk: in folio. [4] talks: in folio: *blasts.*

This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let 's do 't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State.

Sennet. Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, *Lords, and Attendants.*[1] *The King takes his Seat.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bathe our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
Th' imperial jointress of[2] this warlike state,
Have we, as 't were with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is:[3] we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His farther gait herein, in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made

[1] The rest of this direction is not in f. e. [2] to: in quartos. [3] The preceding part of this speech is not in quarto, 1603.

Out of his subject: and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers[1] of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no farther personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow. [*Giving them.*
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing[2]: heartily farewell.
[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.
And now, Laertes, what 's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France:
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty to your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave,[3]
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—
But now my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.
[*Aside.*

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy night-like[4] colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids

[1] bearing: in folio. [2] Not in f. e. [3] This and the two following lines, are not in folios. [4] nighted: in f. e.

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 't is common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'T is sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term,
To do obsequious[1] sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 't is a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father; for, let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And, with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,

[1] *As at obsequies.*

Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg
It is most retrograde to our desire;
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Flourish Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c.*
POLONIUS, *and* LAERTES.

Ham. O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world.
Fie on 't! O fie[1]! 't is an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem[2] the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on 't.—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,
(O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer)—married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,

[1] fie, fie: in folio. [2] *Suffer.*

Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married.—O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear[1] your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student:
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio: the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my dearest[2] foe in heaven
Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—methinks, I see my father.

Hor. O! where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once: he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw whom?[3]

[1] have. in folio. [2] *Greatest.* [3] who: in f. e.

Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast[1] and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pié,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, bechill'd[2]
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did,
But answer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
Ham. 'T is very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 't is true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
All. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, say you?

[1] So the quarto, 1603; other old copies: waste; changed in mod. ed. to "waist." [2] distill'd: in f. e.

All. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then, saw you not his face?
Hor. O! yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What! look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there!
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like,
Very like. Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw it.
Ham. His beard was grizzled[1]? no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night:
Perchance, 't will walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I 'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I 'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.
[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then, sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

[1] grizly: in folio.

SCENE III.—A Room in Polonius's House.

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour.
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature.
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and[1] suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk: but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will; but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety[2] and health of this whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place[3]
May give his saying deed; which is no farther,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then, weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,

[1] These two words, not in folio. [2] sanctity: in folio. [3] peculiar sect and force: in folio.

If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.[1]

Laer. O! fear me not.
I stay too long;—but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes? aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing with you;
[*Laying his Hand on* LAERTES' *Head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't, that th' opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are of a most select and generous choice[2] in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,

[1] *Counsel.* [2] chief: in f. e.

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites[1] you: go; your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'T is in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [*Exit* LAERTES.

Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
T is told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so, (as so 't is put on me,
And that in way of caution) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I 'll teach you: think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running[2] it thus, you 'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows[3] of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,

[1] invests: in quarto. [2] in f. e.: Wronging; from quarto. Roaming: in folio. [3] With all the vows: in folio.

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends[1] the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence:
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers
Not of that die[2] which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,[3]
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so squander[4] any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you; so now,[5] come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is[6] very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping, and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A Flourish of Trumpets, and Ordnance shot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?

[1] Gives: in folio. [2] the eye: in folio. [3] bonds: in f. e. Theobald also made the change. [4] slander: in f. e. [5] The words, "so now," are not in f. e. [6] is it: in folio.

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west[1]
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe[2] us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their[3] virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of ill[4]
Doth all the noble substance often dout,[5]
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost,[6] armed as before.

Hor. Look, my lord! it comes.
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
[*Pause.*[7]
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents[8] wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane: O! answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,[9]

[1] This and the twenty-one following lines, are not in quarto, 1603 or folio. [2] *Call.* [3] His: in old copies. Theobald made the change. eale: in quarto. [5] of a doubt: in quarto; dout, is *to do out, to destroy.* [6] The rest of this direction is not in f. e. [7] Not in f. e. [8] events: in folio. [9] interr'd: in quartos.

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
[*The Ghost beckons* HAMLET.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves[1] you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then, will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?—
It waves me forth again:—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,[2]
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.—Go on,
I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd: you shall not go. [*They struggle.*[3]

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. [*Ghost beckons.*

[1] wafts: in folio. [2] This and the next three lines, are not in the quarto, 1603, or folio. [3] Not in f. e.

Still am I call'd.—Unhand me, gentlemen :—
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me :—
I say, away !—Go on, I 'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt Ghost and* HAMLET.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let 's follow; 't is not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come ?
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven's will direct it !
Mar. Nay, let 's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A more remote Part of the Platform.

Enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither[1] wilt thou lead me? speak, I 'll go no farther.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost !
Ghost. Pity me not; but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear
Ham. What ?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to lasting fires[2],
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted[3] and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an-end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine[4]:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list ![5]—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

[1] Where : in folio. [2] to fast in fires : in f. e. [3] knotty : in folio
[4] portentine : in old copies. [5] List, Hamlet, O, list : in folio.

Ham. O God!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder?
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be, than the fat weed
That roots[1] itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this: now, Hamlet, hear
'T is given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me: so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle?
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air:
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,

[1] rots: in folio.

That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset,
And curd, like eager[1] droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine:
And a most instant tetter bark'd[2] about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despoiled[3]:
Cut off even in the blossom of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled:[4]
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet,[5] remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly[6] up.—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
O, most pernicious and perfidious woman!

[1] Fr. *aigre*, sour. [2] bak'd: in folio. [3] despatched: in f. e
[4] Without the sacrament, unprepared, unoiled, or without extreme unction. [5] adieu: in quarto. [6] swiftly: in quartos.

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,[1]—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:—
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me."
I have sworn 't.

Hor. [*Within.*] My lord! my lord!
Mar. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet!
Hor. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!
Mar. [*Within.*] So be it!
Hor. [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho! boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No;
You 'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord
Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you 'll be secret.
Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he 's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right: you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is; and, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I 'll go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling[2] words, my lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,
Faith, heartily.
Hor. There 's no offence, my lord.

[1] My tables, my tables: in folio. [2] hurling: in folio.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is 't, my lord?
Mar. We will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear 't.
Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then, we 'll shift our ground.—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth' so fast?
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your[2] philosophy. But come;—
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—

[1] ground: in folio. [2] our: in folio.

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, well, we know;"—or, "We could, an if we would;"—
Or, "If we list to speak;"—or, "There be, an if they might;"—
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, t' express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.—
The time is out of joint; O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right.—
Nay, come; let 's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Polonius's House.

Enter Polonius *and* Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,

That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it.
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus,—"I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him:"—do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. "And, in part, him; but," you may say, "not well:
But, if 't be he I mean, he 's very wild,
Addicted so and so;"—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him: take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord.
Pol. Ay, or drinking, feneing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing:—you may go so far.
Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency:
That 's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.
Rey. But, my good lord,—
Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.
Pol. Marry, sir, here 's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant.[1]
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 't were a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence:
"Good sir," or so; or "friend," or "gentleman,"—
According to the phrase, or the addition

[1] wit: in quarto, 1604.

Of man, and country.
Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol And then, sir, does he this,—he does—
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was
About to say something:—where did I leave?
Rey. At closes in the consequence,
As "friend or so," and "gentleman."
Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—ay, marry;
He closes thus:—"I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in 's rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlicet, a brothel" or so forth.—
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.
Rey. Good my lord.
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.
Rey. I shall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his music.
Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what 's the matter?
Oph. Alas,[1] my lord! I have been so affrighted!
Pol. With what, in the name of God?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?

[1] O my lord: in quartos.

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so:
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.
Pol. Come[1], go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property fordoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What! have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted[2] him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy.
By heaven,[3] it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Not in folio. [2] *Observed.* [3] It seems: in folio.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Attendants.*

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!
Moreover, that we did much long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Sith nor th' exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream[1] of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,[2]
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,[3]
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But[4] we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,

[1] deem: in folio. [2] haviour: in quartos. [3] This line is not in folio. [4] Not in folio.

And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay,[1] amen!

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and some Attendants.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, one[2] to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath[3] us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O! speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit[4] to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude,[5] he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends.
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he in brief obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' assay of arms against your majesty

[1] Not in folio. [2] and: in quartos. [3] I have: in folio. [4] news in folio. [5] my sweet queen: in folio

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein farther shown,
[*Giving a Paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.
King. It likes us well;
And, at our more consider'd time, we 'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business:
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your rest; at night we 'll feast together:
Most welcome home.
[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS
Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam; to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste day, night, and time.
Therefore, since[1] brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.
Queen. More matter, with less art.
Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true, 't is pity,
And pity 't is 't is true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.
[*Reads*

[1] Not in quartos

—"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,"—
That 's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; "beautified" is a vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:
"In her excellent white bosom, these," &c.—
Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?
Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.—
"Doubt thou the stars are fire, [*Reads.*
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.
"O dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers: I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O! most best, believe it. Adieu.
Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet."
This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.
King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?
Pol. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man faithful, and honourable.
Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me) what might you,
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a winking[1], mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star[2];
This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and by this declension,

[1] working: in quartos. [2] sphere: in folio, 1632.

Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And we all wail[1] for.
King. Do you think 't is this?
Queen. It may be, very likely.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, I 'd fain know that,
That I have positively said, "'T is so,"
When it prov'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.
[*Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.*
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.
King How may we try it farther?
Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together,
Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he doth, indeed.
Pol. At such a time I 'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras, then:
Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But[2] keep a farm and carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away! I do beseech you, both away.
I 'll board him presently:—O! give me leave.—
[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*
How does my good lord Hamlet?
Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my lord?
Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.
Pol. Not I, my lord.
Ham. Then, I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest, my lord?
Ham. Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes is to be one man picked out of ten[3] thousand.
Pol. That 's very true, my lord.
Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good[4] kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

[1] mourn: in quartos. [2] And: in folio. [3] two: in folio. [4] So old copies. Warburton reads: g-d.

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not[1] walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing: but not as your daughter may conceive:—friend, look to 't.

Pol. [*Aside.*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone[2]: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I 'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read,[3] my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams; all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be[4] old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside.*[5]] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—[*To him.*[6]] My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life,[7] except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir! [*To* POLONIUS.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.

[1] [2] Not in quartos. [3] mean: in folio. [4] shall grow: in quartos [5] [6] Not in f. e. [7] except my life, my life: in folio.

Guil. Mine honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;[1] On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O! most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world 's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark 's a prison.

Ros. Then, is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 't is none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why then, your ambition makes it one: 't is too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs,

[1] ever happy on fortune's lap: in quartos.

and outstretched heroes, the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We 'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [*To* GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of[1] you. [*Aside.*]—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and[2] your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fires, why, it appeareth nothing to me, but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in

[1] *On.* [2] *of*: in folio.

action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; [Ros. *smiles.*][1] no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said, man delights not me?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten[2] entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted[3] them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis: the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere;[4] and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.[5]

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an eyry of children,[6] little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What! are they children? who maintains them?

[1] Not in f. e. [2] Players were not allowed to perform in Lent. [3] *Came along side of.* [4] in the lungs: in quarto, 1603. [5] Probably a reference to the restriction in 1600–1, of dramatic performances to two theatres, the Globe and the Fortune. [6] An allusion to some juvenile company of players, of which there were several in great popular favour at the time.

how are they escoted ?[1] Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing ? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are not better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession ?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides ; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre[2] them to controversy : there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible ?

Guil. O ! there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away ?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord ; Hercules, and his load too.

Ham. It is not very[3] strange ; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those, that would make mowes[4] at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-picce for his picture in little. 'Sblood ! there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*Trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then ; the appurtenances of welcome is fashion and ceremony : let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players (which, I tell you, must show fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome ; but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord ?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west : when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.[5]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen !

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern ;—and you too ;—at each ear a hearer : that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

[1] Fr. *escot :* shot, or reckoning. [2] *Excite.* [3] Not in folio. [4] mouths : in quartos. [5] A common proverb, when the play was written ; the word is a corruption of *hernshaw*, a heron.

Ros. Haply, he 's the second time come to them, for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 't was then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty,[1] these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, Judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—

"One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well."

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

"As by lot, God wot,"

And then, you know,

"It came to pass, as most like it was."[2]

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more, for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all.—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! why, thy face is valanced[3] since I saw thee last: com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress! By'r-lady, your ladyship

[1] Good, whether for written or extempore performances. [2] From the ballad of Jephthah. See Percy Reliques, Vol. I. [3] valiant: in quarto.

is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.[1] Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We 'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we 'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play.* What speech, my good[2] lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there was no salt[3] in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as[4] wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 't was Æneas' tale[5] to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line:—let me see, let me see;—

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,"

—'t is not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

"The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
"Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
"When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
"Hath now this dread and black complexion smear d
"With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
"Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
"With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
"Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
"That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
"To their lord's murder:[6] roasted in wrath, and fire,
"And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
"With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
"Old grandsire Priam seeks;"—

So proceed you.

[1] A *high cork*, or *wooden-soled shoe.* [2] Not in folio. [3] there wer no sallets: in f. e. Pope also suggested the change. [4] This and the following words, to the period, are not in the folio. [5] talk: in quarto, 1604. [6] vile murders: in folio.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 *Play.* "Anon he finds him
"Striking too short at Greeks: his antique sword,
"Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
"Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,[1]
"Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
"But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
"The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
"Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
"Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
"Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword
"Which was declining on the milky head
"Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
"So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
"And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
"Did nothing.
"But, as we often see, against some storm,
"A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
"The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
"As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
"Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
"Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work,
"And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
"On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
"With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
"Now falls on Priam.—
"Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
"In general synod, take away her power;
"Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
"And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
"As low as to the fiends!"

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, say on: he 's for a jig,[2] or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on: come to Hecuba.

1 *Play.* "But who, O! who had seen the mobled[3] queen"—

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That 's good; mobled queen is good.

1 *Play.* "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames

[1] match: in folio. [2] A comic entertainment by the clown, after the play. [3] *Carelessly dressed*

"With bisson[1] rheum; a clout upon that head,
"Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe
"About her lank and all o'erteemed loins,
"A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up;
"Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
"'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
"But if the gods themselves did see her then,
"When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
"In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
"The instant burst of clamour that she made,
"(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
"Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
"And passionate[2] the gods."

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour, and has tears in 's eyes!—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'T is well; I 'll have thee speak out the rest of this[3] soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts, and brief chronicles, of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live[4].

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God 's bodkin, man, much[5] better: use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[*Exit* POLONIUS, *with some of the Players.*

Ham. Follow him, friends: we 'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We 'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit Player.*] My good friends, [*To* ROS. *and* GUIL.] I 'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

[1] *Blind.* [2] And passion in: in f. e. [3] "of this": not in folio. [4] lived: in folio. [5] Not in folio.

Ros. Good my lord!

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Ay, so, good bye you[1].—Now I am alone.—
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own[2] conceit,
That from her working all his visage wann'd[3];
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing:
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha!
'Swounds! I should take it; for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make transgression[4] bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance![5]
Why,[6] what an ass am I! This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father[7] murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,

[1] to you: in quartos. [2] whole: in folio. [3] warm'd: in folio [4] oppression: in f. e. [5] This line is not in quartos. [6] Who: in quartos. [7] Not in folio, or quartos, 1604–5.

A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About my brain!—I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I 'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I 'll observe his looks;
I 'll tent[1] him to the quick: if he but blench[2],
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I 'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play 's the thing,
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of conference[3],
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but to our demands

[1] *Search, try.* [2] *Start.* [3] circumstance: in folio.

Most free in his reply.
Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught[1] on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'T is most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.
King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a farther edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
Ros. We shall, my lord.
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 't were by accident, may here
Affront[2] Ophelia: her father, and myself (lawful espials)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.
Queen. I shall obey you.—
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves.—Read on this book,
[*To* OPHELIA
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'T is too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar[3] o'er
The devil himself.
King. O! 't is too true.—[*Aside.*] How smar

[1] *Overtook.* [2] *Confront.* [3] surge: in folios.

A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming: let 's withdraw, my lord

[*Exeunt King and* POLONIUS.[1] *Manet* OPHELIA *behind, reading.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be; that is the question:—
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep:—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there 's the rub
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely
The pangs of despis'd[2] love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin[3]? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith[4] and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!

[1] The rest of this direction is not in f. e. [2] dispriz'd. in folio [3] *Small dagger.* [4] pitch: n quartos

The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons,
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. [*Coming forward.*[1]] Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I[2];
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did;
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord!

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with[3] honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my back[4], than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do, crawling between heaven and

[1] Not in f. e. [2] No, no: in folio. [3] your: in folio. [4] beck: in f. e.

earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where 's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where[1] but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O! help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I 'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell[2]. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings[3] too, well enough: God hath given you one face[4], and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I 'll no more on 't: it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* HAMLET.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state.
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature[5] of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There 's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,

[1] way: in folio. [2] go, farewell: in folio. [3] prattlings: in folio. [4] pace: in folio. [5] stature: in quartos.

I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brain still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of his[1] grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his griefs: let her be round[2] with him;
And I 'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Same.

Enter HAMLET, *and certain Players, unready.*[3]

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul, to hear[4] a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant[5]; it out-herods Herod[6]: pray you avoid it.

1 *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word,

[1] this: in folio. [2] *Plain.* [3] Not in f. e. [4] see: in folio. [5] [6] Characters in old Miracle plays; the former was god of the Saracens.

the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirrror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which[1] one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play.* I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O! reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that 's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.— [*Exeunt Players.*

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—[*Exit* POLONIUS.

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN

Ham. What, ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO!

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O! my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,

[1] the which · in folio.

That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king:
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death:
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy[1] soul
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord;
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play: I must be idle, Get you a place.

Sennet. Danish March. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed. You cannot feed capons so.

[1] my: in quarto.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet: these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you played once in the university, you say? [*To* POLONIUS.

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear[1] Hamlet; sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here 's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the King.*

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* OPHELIA'S *Feet*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That 's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God! your only jig-maker.[2] What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I 'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there 's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by 'r-lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse[3]; whose epitaph is, "For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is forgot."

[1] good: in folio. [2] Entertainments performed by clowns. [3] The hobby-horse played an important part in the May games.

Trumpets sound. The dumb Show enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho[1]; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they 'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you will show him: be not you ashamed to show, he 'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught. I 'll mark the play.

Pro. "For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently."

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?

Oph. 'T is brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter the Player King and Player Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times has Phœbus' car gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon

[1] *Thieving rascality.*

Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women's fear and love hold quantity,[1]
In neither aught, or[2] in extremity.
Now, what my love is proof hath made you know,
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their[3] functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst;
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*Aside.*] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 't is, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactors[4] with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 't is not strange,

[1] The quarto, 1604, has the line: "For women fear too much, even as they love," preceding this. [2] Either none, in neither aught: in quarto, 1604. [3] my: in folio. [4] enactures: in quartos.

That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 't is a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give[1] food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me, day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's[2] cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break her vow,—

P. King. 'T is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while:
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest[3] too much, methinks.

Ham. O! but she 'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

Ham. No, no; they do but jest, poison in jest: no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You

[1] to give me: in folio. [2] *Anchorite's:* this and the previous line, are not in folio. [3] protests: in folio.

shall see anon: 't is a knavish piece of work; but what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus[1], my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take[2] your husbands.—Begin, murderer: leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:—The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the Poison into the Sleeper's Ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name 's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very[3] choice Italian. You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frighted with false fire?

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light!—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but* HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep
Thus runs the world away.—
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, [illegible] the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me) with two Provin

[1] a good chorus: in folio. [2] mistake: in later quartos and folio. [3] Not in folio

cial roses on my raised[1] shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry[2] of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.[3]

Ham A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear!
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come! some music! come; the recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why, then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Come; some music!

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord,[4] with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would, perhaps, plunge him into[5] more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from the affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's command-

[1] razed: in f. e. [2] *Company.* [3] The stock company were shareholders in the old theatres. [4] folio inserts: rather. [5] far more: in folio

ment.; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit 's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then, thus she says. Your behaviour has struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.[1]

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother Have you any farther trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely[2], but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but "while the grass grows,"[3]—the proverb is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder[4].

O! the recorder:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord! if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

[1] Not in folio. [2] freely: in folio; "but," is omitted. [3] 'Whylst grass doth growe, oft sterves the seely steed."—*Whetstone's* 'Promos and Cassandra," 1578. [4] *Flageolet.*

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent[1] music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak[2]. 'Sblood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.—

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that 's almost in shape of[3] a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then, will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit* POLONIUS.

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt* ROS., GUIL., HOR., *&c.*

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes[4] out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the[5] day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.—
O, heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.

[1] delicate: in quarto, 1603; excellent: in folio. [2] Not in folio. [3] like: in folio. [4] breaks: in quartos. [5] such business as the bitter: in quartos. Dyce reads: better day.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent,[1]
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Same.

Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous[2], as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies[3].

Guil. We will ourselves provide.
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those very many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal[4] depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulf doth draw
What 's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. and Guil. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he 's going to his mother's closet.
Behind the arras I 'll convey myself,
To hear the process: I 'll warrant, she 'll tax him home
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'T is meet that some more audience than a mother,

[1] *Rebuked.* [2] near us: in quartos. [3] brows: in quartos. [4] spirit: in folio

Since na ure makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege.
I 'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what 's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then, I 'll look up:
My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 't is seen, the wicked purse[1] itself
Buys out the law; but 't is not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
All may be well. [*Kneels.*[2]

[1] prize: in f. e. [2] *Retires and kneels:* in f. e.

Enter HAMLET[1] *behind, his Sword drawn.*

Ham. Now might I do it, pat,[2] now he is praying;
And now I 'll do 't:—and so he goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole[3] son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary,[4] not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush[5] as May,
And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'T is heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent.[6]
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage
Or in th' incestuous pleasures of his bed
At gaming, swearing; or about some act,
That has no relish of salvation in 't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

King. [*Rising.*] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Same.

Enter Queen and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I 'll sconce[7] me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother![8]

Queen. I 'll warrant you,
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Exit* POLONIUS *behind the Arras.*

[1] The rest of this direction is not in f. e. [2] but: in quartos. [3] foul: in folio. [4] base and silly: in quartos. [5] fresh: in folio. [6] *Grasp.* [7] silence: in f. e. [8] Not in quartos.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother: what 's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come; you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go; you question with a wicked[1] tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!
Ham. What 's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And,—would it[2] were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay then, I 'll send those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me.
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help! help! help!
Ham. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*] Dead for a ducat, dead. [HAMLET *makes a pass through the Arras.*
Pol. [*Behind.*] O! I am slain. [*Falls and dies.*
Queen. O me! what hast thou done?
Ham. [*Coming forward.*][3] Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?
[*Lifts the Arras, and draws forth* POLONIUS.
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Ay, lady, 't was my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.
[*Seeing the body of* POLONIUS.
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands. Peace! sit you down.
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff:
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is[4] proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

[1] idle: in quartos. [2] But—would you: in folio. [3] Not in f. e [4] be: in quarto.

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets[1] a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O! such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow,
Yea,[2] this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful[3] visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?[4]

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station[5] like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband: look you now, what follows.
Here is your husband: like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother[6]. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten[7] on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it, love; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it 's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would stoop[8] from this to this? Sense,[9] sure, you have,
Else, could you not have motion; but, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reser r'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?[10]

[1] makes: in folio. [2] O'er: in quartos. [3] heated: in quartos
[4] *Commencement.* [5] *Act of standing, attitude.* [6] breath: in folio
[7] *Feed.* [8] step: in f. e. [9] This sentence to the period, is not in folio
[10] *Blind-man's buff.*

Eyes[1] without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine[2] in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.
Queen. O Hamlet! speak no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;[3]
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty stye;—
Queen. O, speak to me no more!
These words, like daggers enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet.
Ham. A murderer, and a villain
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings!
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
Queen. No more!

Enter Ghost, unarmed.[4]

Ham. A king of shreds and patches.—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would you, gracious figure?
Queen. Alas! he 's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in fume[5] and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O, say!
Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O! step between her and her fighting soul;

[1] This sentence to the period, is not in folio. [2] *Mutiny.* [3] my very eyes into my soul: in quartos. [4] Not in f. e. [5] time: in f. e

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas! how is 't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,[1]
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him, on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then, what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away.
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit Ghost.*
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstasy![2]
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that[3] flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven:

[1] *Hair-nails;* feathers were so called. [2] Not in quartos. [3] a in folio

Repent what 's past; avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker.[1] Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb[2] and woo, for leave to do him good.
Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain
Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed:
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That[3] monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habits, devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the[4] next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I 'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to* POLONIUS
I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
One word more, good lady.[5]
Queen. What shall I do?
Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'T were good, you let him know;

[1] rank: in folio. [2] Fr. *courber;* bend. [3] [4] The passages from "That" to "put on," and from "the" to "potency," are not in folio [5] This line is not in folio.

For who, that 's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock[1], from a bat, a gib[2],
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that.

Queen. Alack!
I had forgot: 't is so concluded on. [fellows,[3]—

Ham. There 's letters seal'd, and my two school-
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 't is the sport, to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar, and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O! 't is most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing:
I 'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.—
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally;* HAMLET *dragging in* POLONIUS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. There 's matter in these sighs: these profound heaves
You must translate; 't is fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

[1] *Toad.* [2] *Cat.* [3] This and the eight preceding lines, are not in folio.

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.[1]—
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!
King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?
Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat! a rat!"
And in his brainish apprehension kills
The unseen good old man.
King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man; but so much was our love,
We would not understand what most was fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.
King. O, Gertrude! come away,
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!
Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.
Friends both, go join you with some farther aid.
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* GUIL.
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander,[2]—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,

[1] This line is not in folio. [2] These three words were added by Theobald; the rest of the passage to "air," is not in folio.

As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Safely stowed.—[Ros. *&c., within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But soft! what noise?—Who calls on Hamlet?—O! here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is kin.

Ros. Tell us where 't is; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end; he keeps them, like an ape,[1] in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil A thing, my lord!

Ham Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.[2] [*Exeunt.*

[1] as an ape doth nuts: in quarto, 1603 [2] A reference to the boys' game of "All hid."

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body
How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He 's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 't is so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now! what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of palated[1] worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table: that 's the end.

King. Alas, alas![2]

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven: send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place

[1] politic: in f. e. [2] This and the next speech, are not in folio

yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants*

Ham. He will stay till you come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed,[1] for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore, prepare thyself.
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them[2].—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother Come, for England! [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard:
Delay it not, I 'll have him hence to-night.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done,
That else leans on th' affair: pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly see
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters conjuring[3] to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know 't is done,
Howe'er my hopes, my joys were ne'er begun. [*Exit*

[1] deed of thine: in folio. [2] him: in folio. [3] congruing: in quartos

SCENE IV.—A Plain in Denmark.

Enter FORTINBRAS, *and Forces, marching.*

For. Go, captain; from me greet the Danish king
Tell him, that by his license Fortinbras
Claims[1] the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do 't, my lord.

For. Go safely[2] on.

[*Exeunt* FORTINBRAS *and Forces.*

Enter[3] HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *&c.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir,
I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who
Commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 't is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit Captain.*

Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I 'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

[1] Craves: in quartos. [2] softly: in quartos. [3] The rest of the scene is not in the folio, or quarto, 1603.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, "This thing 's to do;"
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour 's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause;
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain?—O! from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Queen, HORATIO, *and a Gentleman.*[1]

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate; indeed, distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

[1] This character does not appear in the folio, where all his speeches in the text are given to HORATIO

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
There 's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim[1] at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor.[2] 'T were good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in.— [*Exit* HORATIO.
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, *with* OPHELIA, *distracted.*[3]

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. *How should I your true love know* [Singing
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady, [Singing
He is dead and gone;
At his head a green grass turf,[4]
At his heels a stone.
O, ho![5]

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow, [Singing

Enter King.

Queen. Alas! look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded with sweet flowers;*
Which bewept to the grave[6] *did go,*
With true-love showers.

[1] yawn: in quartos. [2] *Queen:* in folio. [3] Not in f. e.; *playing on a lute, with her hair down, singing:* in quarto, 1303. [4] *grass-green turf:* in f. e. [5] Not in folio. [6] *ground:* in quartos, after 1603.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ild[1] you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter.[2] Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let 's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
Then, up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la! without an oath, I 'll make an end on 't:

By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:

He answers.

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they would[3] lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit* HORATIO.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs

[1] *Yield*, or *reward*. [2] "Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where the people were baking, and asked for bread: the mistress put a piece of dough in the oven for him, which was taken out by her daughter, and reduced to a small lump. It immediately began to swell, and the daughter to cry 'heugh, heugh, heugh,' which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour to change her into that bird."—*An old tradition, quoted by Douce.* [3] should: in folio.

All from her father's death.[1] And now, behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude!
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death, and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him; poor Ophelia,
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O! my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

King. Attend![2]
Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.
What is the matter?

Enter a Gentleman, in haste.[3]

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous[4] haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, king;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry.
O! this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*

[1] The rest of this line is not in folio. [2] Not in folio. [3] "*in haste*": not in f. e. [4] impitious: in quarto, 1604, and folio.

Enter LAERTES, *with his sword drawn;*[1] *Danes following.*

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Dan. No, let 's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will. [*They retire without the Door.*

Laer. I thank you: keep the door.—O thou vile king!
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that 's calm[2] proclaims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd.—Let him go, Gertrude.—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I 'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, only I 'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I 'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

[1] *Enter* LAERTES, *armed:* in f. e. [2] that calms: in folio

Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them, then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I 'll ope my arms,
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,[1]
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,[2]
As day does to your eye.
Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.
Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA, *still distracted.*[3]

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turns the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is 't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?[4]
Nature is fine in love; and, where 't is fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on their bier;* [Sings.
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—
Fare you well, my dove!
Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.
Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.
Laer. This nothing 's more than matter.
Oph. There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance;[5] pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies; that 's for thoughts.
Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.
Oph. There 's fennel for you, and columbines:—

[1] politician: in folio. [2] pierce: in folio. [3] The rest of this direction is not in f. e. [4] The rest of this speech is not in quartos. [5] Strengthening the memory.—*Knight.*

there 's rue for you; and here 's some for me; we may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may[1] wear your rue with a difference.—There 's a daisy: I would give you some violets; but they withered all when my father died.—They say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—[Sings.

Laer. Thought and affliction; passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?* [Sings.
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Gone to his[2] *death-bed,*
He never will come again.
His beard was white[3] *as snow,*
All flaxen was his poll;
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy[4] *on his soul!*

And of all christian souls! I pray God.—God be wi' you! [*Exit* OPHELIA,[5] *dancing distractedly.*

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct, or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure funeral[6],
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King. So you shall;
And, where th' offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

[1] O! you must: in folio. [2] *Go to thy:* in f. e. [3] *was as white:* in f. e. [4] *Gramercy:* in folio. [5] The rest of this direction, is not in f. e. [6] burial: in folio.

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter HORATIO, *and a Servant.*

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir: they say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.— [*Exit Servant.*

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an 't please him. There 's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads.*] "Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell;

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET."

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter King and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So criminal[1] and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness,[2] wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O! for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But[3] yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)
She 's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Who was, if praises may go back again,
Sole challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,——
How now! what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
This to your majesty: this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.[4]

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—

[1] crimeful: in folio. [2] Not in folio. [3] And: in folio. [4] This line is not in folio.

Leave us. [*Exit Messenger*

[*Reads.*] "High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return. HAMLET."

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back? Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'T is Hamlet's character. "Naked,"—
And, in a postscript here, he says, "alone:"
Can you advise me?

Laer. I 'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come:
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus diddest thou."

King. If it be so, Laertes,
(As how should it be so? how otherwise?)
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;[1]
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As liking not[2] his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it.—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My[3] lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,

[1] These three words are not in folio. [2] So the undated quarto; shecking at: in folio. [3] This speech and all that follows, to "graveness," is not in folio.

Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,[1]
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they can[2] well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast. So far he topp'd[3] my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was 't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord[4].

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers[5] of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. This report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What[6] out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.

[1] hence: in folio. [2] ran: in folio. [3] pass'd: in folio. [4] Lamound in folio. [5] Fr. *escrimeurs*, fencers; this and what follows to "them," is not in folio. [6] Why: in folio

There lives within the very flame of love[1]
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,[2]
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this "would"
And hath abatements and delays as many, [changes
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift's sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer.
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed,[3]
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize,
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We 'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated[4], and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do 't;
And, for that purpose, I 'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip[5] a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I 'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let 's farther think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,

[1] This and the nine following lines, are not in folio. [2] *Fulness.* [3] indeed: in folio; indeed your father's son: in quartos. [4] *Not blunted.* [5] I but dipt: in folio

'T were better not assay'd: therefore, this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft!—let me see:—
We 'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,[1]—
I ha 't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)
And that he calls for drink, I 'll have preferr'd[2] him
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,[3]
Our purpose may hold there. But stay! what noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith[4] fantastic garlands did she make[5]
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds[6];
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and reduc'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas! then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord:

[1] commings: in folio. [2] prepar'd: in folio. [3] Ital'an, *stoccata*, thrust [4] There with: in folio. [5] come: in folio. [6] tunes: in folio.

I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns[1] it. [*Exit.*

King. Let 's follow, Gertrude
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let 's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Church Yard.

Enter two Clowns, with Spades, &c.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that[2] wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 't is found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest-law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity,

[1] douts: in folio; i. e. does it out. [2] when she: in quartos.

that great folk shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even[1] Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame[2] outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger that a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To 't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO, *at a distance.*

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker: the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to yon'[3]; fetch me a stoop of liquor.

[*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

1 Clown digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O! *the time, for,* ah! *my behove,*
O! *methought, there was nothing meet.*

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

[1] *Fellow.* [2] Not in quartos. [3] Yaughan: in f. e.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'T is e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. *But age, with his stealing steps,*
Hath claw'd[1] *me in his clutch,*
And hath shipped me intill the land,
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches,[2] one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so, and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard[3] with a sexton's spade. Here 's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats[4] with them? mine ache to think on 't.

1 Clo. *A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,* [Sings.
For—and a shrouding sheet:
O! *a pit of clay for to be made*
For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another skull.

Ham There 's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude[5] knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes,

[1] *caught:* in folio. [2] o'er-offices: in folio. [3] *Head.* [4] A game, in which pins or small logs are thrown at a stake set in the ground. [5] mad: in quartos.

his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly[1] lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave 's this, sir?

1 *Clo.* Mine, sir.—

O! *a pit of clay for to be made* [Sings.
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think, it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in 't.

1 *Clo.* You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou liest.

1 *Clo.* 'T is a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Clo.* For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1 *Clo.* For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

1 *Clo.* One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is: we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord! Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the[2] courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that.

[1] scarcely: in quartos. [2] heels of our: in folio

It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

1 *Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 't is no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 *Clo.* 'T will not be seen in him there; there, the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 *Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 *Clo.* Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days[1], that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here 's a skull now; this skull hath lain i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 *Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This? [*Takes the Skull.*

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

Ham. Let me see.[2] Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now, how abhorred in[3] my imagination it[4]

[1] Not in quarto. [2] These three words are not in quarto. [3] [4] Not in folio.

is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning[1]? quite chapfallen? Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What 's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the Skull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio. Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus[2]; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

"Imperial[3] Cæsar dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's[4] flaw!"

But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c. in Procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES *and Mourners following; King, Queen, and their Trains.*

The queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 't was of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring on one side with* HORATIO.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

[1] jeering: in folio. [2] "as thus," only in quarto, 1603. [3] Imperious: in quartos. [4] water's: in quartos.

A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;
And but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd,
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards[1], flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,[2]
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 *Priest.* No more be done.
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing sad[3] *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest.
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What! the fair Ophelia?

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell.
[*Strewing flowers*
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife:
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not to have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O! treble woe[4]
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.
[*Leaping into the Grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand,
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaping into the Grave.*

[1] *Broken pots.* [2] German, *kranz*, garlands; rites: in folio. [3] a: in f. e.; from quarto, and folio: sage. [4] terrible woer: in folio.

Laer. The devil take thy soul. [*Grappling with him*
Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For[1] though I am not splenetic[2] and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom[3] fear. Hold off[4] thy hand.
King. Pluck them asunder. [*They strive.*
Queen. Hamlet! Hamlet!
All. Gentlemen!—
Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
Queen. O my son! what theme?
Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?
King. O! he is mad, Laertes.
Queen. For love of God, forbear him.
Ham. 'Swounds! show me what thou 'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't storm? wou'lt tear thyself?
Woul't drink up Esill[6]? eat a crocodile?
I 'll do 't; I 'll do 't.[7]—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I 'll rant as well as thou.
King. This is mere madness:[8]
And thus a while the fit will work on him.
Queen. Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.
Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;

[1] Sir: in folio. [2] splenetive: in f. e. wiseness: in folio. [4] Away: in folio. [5] Not in f. e. [6] Probably the river Yssell. [7] The words, "I 'll do 't," are not repeated in f. e. [8] This and the following one, are given to the QUEEN, in f. e.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog 'll have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.
[*Exit* HORATIO.

[*To* LAERTES.] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We 'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet thereby[1] shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you[2] see the other.—
You do remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines[3] in the bilboes.[4] Rashly,—
And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us own,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep[5] plots do fail;[6] and that should teach[7] us,
There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unfold[8]
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
O royal knavery! an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,

[1] shortly: in folio. [2] let me: in folio. [3] *Mutineers.* [4] Bars of iron with fetters, so called from Bilboa, where they were made. [5] dear: in folio. [6] pall: in f. e. [7] learn: in quartos. [8] unseal: in folio.

My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is 't possible!

Ham. Here 's the commission: read it at more leisure. [*Giving it.*]

But wilt thou hear me[2] how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains,—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down,
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair.
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such like as's of great charge,
That on the view and know[3] of these contents,
Without debatement farther, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinate.[4]
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave 't th' impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment:[5]
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow.
'T is dangerous, when a baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points

[1] Not in f. e. [2] now: in quartos. [3] knowing: in quartos ordinant: in folio. [4] This line is not in quartos.

Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes;
His angle for my proper life thrown out,
And with such cozenage—is 't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with his own?[1] and is 't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In farther evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself,
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his: I 'll court[2] his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter OSRICK.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this [water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 't is a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 't is a chough[3]; but, as I say[4], spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 't is for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 't is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 't is very cold: the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as

[1] this arm: in f. e.; from this word to the entrance of OSRICK. is not in quartos. [2] count: in folio Rowe made the change. [3] A kind of *jackdaw*. [4] saw: in folio.

't were,—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET *moves him to put on his Hat.*

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith.[1] Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly[2] of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw[3] neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.[4]

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the impu-

[1] From this word, all that follows to, "What 's his weapon?" is not in folio. [2] sellingly: in quarto, 1603. [3] yaw: in quarto, 1604 Dyce reads it: but yaw. [4] This and the next speech, are not in folio

tation laid on him by them, in his meed[1] he 's unfellowed.

Ham. What 's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That 's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed[2], as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margin, ere you had done.[3]

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that 's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this imponed, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him. he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve, for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you[4] so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn[5].

[1] *Merit.* [2] impawned: in quartos. [3] This speech is not in folio [4] re-deliver you e'en: in folio. [5] tongue: in folio.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply[1] with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many[2] more of the same breed[3] that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond[4] and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My[5] lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager,[6] my lord.

Ham. I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. Thou wouldst not think, how ill all is here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving,[7] as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.[8]

[1] *Compliment.* [2] mine: in folio. [3] bevy: in folio. [4] Warburton reads: fand (*fanned*). [5] This and the following speeches to, "*Exit Lord,*" are not in folio. [6] "this wager" is not in quarto. [7] *Misgiving.* [8] So the quarto, 1604. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes: in folio.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, *Lords,* OSRICK, *and Attendants with Foils, &c.*

King. Come, Hamlet; come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts the hand of* LAERTES *into that of* HAMLET.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he 's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness. If 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,[1]
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.[2] [*Foils brought.*[3]

Laer. Come; one for me.

Ham. I 'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

[1] This line is not in quartos. [2] "come on": not in quartos. [3] Not in I. e.

Laer. You mock me, sir.
Ham. No, by this hand.
King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.—Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?
Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.
King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both;
But since he is better, we have therefore odds.
Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.
Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*
Osr. Ay, my good lord.
King. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table.—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath:
And in the cup an union[1] shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
"Now the king drinks to Hamlet!"—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.
Ham. Come on, sir.
Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgment.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well:—again.
King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets sound; and Cannon shot off within.*
Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.—
Come.—Another hit; what say you? [*They play.*
Laer. A touch; a touch, I do confess.
King. Our son shall win.
Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath —

[1] A *rich pearl*, onyx: in quartos, (except that of 1604).

Here is a napkin, rub thy brows, my son:[1]
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet
Ham. Good madam,—
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my lord: I pray you, pardon me.
[*She drinks*
King. It is the poison'd cup! it is too late. [*Aside*
Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I 'll hit him now.
King. I do not think it
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
[*Aside*
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally
I pray you, pass with your best violence.
I am afeard[2], you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play*
Osr. Nothing, neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[LAERTES *wounds* HAMLET; *then, in scuffling they change Rapiers, and* HAMLET *wounds* LAERTES.
King. Part them! they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again. [*The Queen falls.*
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho?
Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?
Osr. How is 't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own[3] springe, Osriek;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She swoons to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink.—O my dear Hamlet!—
The drink, the drink: I am poison'd. [*Dies.*
Ham. O villainy!—How? let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [LAERTES *falls.*
Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good:
In thee there is not half an hour of[4] life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me: lo! here I lie,

[1] Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows: in f. e [2] sure in quartos. [3] Not in folio. [4] half an hour's: in quartos.

Never to rise again. Thy mother 's poison'd;
I can no more. The king, the king 's to blame.
Ham. The point
Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.
[*Stabs the King*
All. Treason! treason!
King. O! yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—is thy union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest) O! I could tell you,—
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st: report me and my cause aright[1]
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it: [*Taking the Cup.*[2]
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here 's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As thou 'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven I 'll have it.—
[*Struggling: Hamlet gets the Cup.*[3]
O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.— [*March afar off, and Shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?
Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O! I die, Horatio;

[1] causes right: in folio. [2] [3] These directions are not in *f.* 4

The potent poison quite o'er-crows[1] my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the English Ambassadors, and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havock.—O proud death.
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

1 *Amb.* The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about; so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and fore'd[2] cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:

[1] o'er-grows: in undated quarto, and those of 1611–37. [2] for no
n quartos.

I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.
Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this scene[1] be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen.
Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and for his passage,
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the body.—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead March.*

[*Exeunt, marching; after which, a peal of Ordnance is shot off.*

[1] same: in f. e

KING LEAR.

M. William Shak-speare : His True Chroniele Historie of the life and death of King Lear and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was played before the Kings Maiestie at Whitehall vpon S. Stephans night in Christmas Hollidayes. By his Maiesties seruants playing vsually at the Gloabe on the Bancke-side. London, Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-yard, at the signe of the Pide Bull neere St. Austin's Gate. 1608. 4to. 41 leaves.

M. William Shake-speare, His True Chronicle History of the life and death of King Lear, and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Glocester, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was plaid before the Kings Maiesty at White-Hall, vppon S. Stephens night, in Christmas Hollidaies. By his Maiesties Seruants, playing vsually at the Globe on the Banck-side. Printed for Nathaniel Butter. 1608. 4to. 44 leaves.

The title-page of a third impression in 1608 corresponds with that last above given.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedie of King Lear" occupies twenty seven pages, in the division of "Tragedies;" viz. from p. 283 to p. 309, inclusive. The last page but one, by an error, is numbered 38, instead of 308. In the first, as well as in the folios of 1632, 1664, and 1685, the Acts and Scenes are regularly marked.

INTRODUCTION.

The most remarkable circumstance connected with the early publication of "King Lear" is, that the same stationer published three quarto impressions of it in 1608, that stationer being a person who had not put forth any of the authentic (as far as they can deserve to be so considered) editions of Shakespeare's plays. After it had been thus thrice printed (for they were not merely re-issues with fresh title-pages) in the same year, the tragedy was not again printed until it appeared in the folio of 1623. Why it was never republished in quarto, in the interval, must be matter of speculation, but such was not an unusual occurrence with the works of our great dramatist: his "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Merchant of Venice," and "Troilus and Cressida" were each twice printed, the two first in 1600, and the last in 1609, and they were not again seen in type until they were inserted in the folio of 1623: there was also no second quarto edition of "Much ado about Nothing," nor of "Love's Labour 's Lost." The extreme popularity of "King Lear" seems proved by the mere fact that the public demand for it, in the first year of its publication, could not be satisfied without three distinct impressions.

It will be seen by the exact copies of the title-pages which we have inserted on the opposite leaf, that although Nathaniel Butter was the publisher of the three quarto editions, he only put his address on the title-page of one of them. It is perhaps impossible now to ascertain on what account the difference was made; but it is to be observed that "Printed by J. Roberts," without any address, is found at the bottom of the title-pages of some of the copies of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" in 1600. A more remarkable circumstance, in relation to the title-pages of "King Lear," is, that the name of William Shakespeare is made so obvious at the top of them, the type being larger than that used for any other part of the work: moreover, we have it again at the head of the leaf on which the tragedy commences, "M. William Shake-speare, his History of King Lear." This peculiarity has never attracted sufficient attention, and it belongs not only to no other of Shakespeare's plays, but to no other production of any kind of that period which we recollect. It was clearly intended to enable purchasers to make sure that they were buying the drama which "M. William Shakespeare" had written upon the story of King Lear.

The cause of it is, perhaps, to be found in the fact, that

there was another contemporary drama upon the same subject, and with very nearly the same names to the principal characters, which was not by Shakespeare, but which the publisher probably had endeavored to pass off as his work. An edition of this play was printed in 1605, under the following title:—"The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella. As it hath bene divers and sundry times lately acted." It was printed, by Simon Stafford, for John Wright; and we agree with Malone in thinking that this impression was put forth in consequence of the popularity of Shakespeare's "King Lear," which was then in a course of successful performance at the Globe theatre. That this edition of "The True Chronicle History of King Leir" was a re-impression we have little doubt, because it was entered at Stationers' Hall for publication as early as 14th May, 1594: it was entered again on 8th May, 1605, anterior to the appearance of the impression with that date, the title-page of which we have above quoted.

We may presume that in 1605 no bookseller was able to obtain from the King's Players a copy of Shakespeare's "King Lear;" for there is perhaps no point in our early stage-history more clear, than that the different companies took every precaution in order to prevent the publication of plays belonging to them. However, in the autumn of 1607, Nathaniel Butter had in some way possessed him of a manuscript of "King Lear," and on the 26th November he procured the following unusually minute memorandum to be made in the Stationers' Registers:—

> "26 Nov. 1607.
> Na. Butter and Jo. Busby] Entered for their Copie under t' hands of Sir Geo. Bucke, Kt. and the Wardens, a booke called Mr. Willm Shakespeare, his Historye of Kinge Lear, as yt was played before the King's Majestie at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Christmas last, by his Majesties Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Bank-side."

This entry establishes that Shakespeare's "King Lear" had been played at Court on the 26th December, 1606, and not on the 26th December, 1607, as we might infer from the title pages of the three editions of 1608.

The memorandum we have just inserted would lead us to believe that John Busby was the printer of "King Lear," although his name does not otherwise at all appear in connection with it. The differences between the quartos are seldom more than verbal, but they are sometimes important: after a very patient comparison, we may state, that the quartos without the publisher's address are more accurate than that with his address; and we presume that the latter was first issued. It would seem that the folio of 1623 was composed from a manuscript, which had been much, and not very judiciously, abridged for the purposes of the theatre; and although it contains some additions, not in any of the quartos, there are, perhaps, few quartos of any of Shakespeare's plays more

valuable for the quantity of matter they contain, of which there is no trace in the folio.

We have said that we agree with Malone in opinion, that "King Lear" was brought out at the Globe Theatre in the spring of 1605, according to our present mode of computing the year. We may decide with certainty that it was not written until after the appearance of Harsnet's "Discovery of Popish Impostors" in 1603, because from it, as Steevens established, are taken the names of various fiends mentioned by Edgar in the course of his scenes of pretended madness.

As we find a "King Leir" entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, we can have no hesitation in arriving at the conclusion that the old play, printed by Simon Stafford for John Wright, in 1605, when Shakespeare's "King Lear" was (as we have supposed) experiencing a run of popularity at the Globe, was considerably anterior in point of date. There is little doubt that Shakespeare was acquainted with it, and probably adopted from it at least that part of the conduct of his story which relates to the faithful Kent. There are other general, but few particular resemblances; for both the chief materials were evidently derived from Holinshed, but Shakespeare varied from all authorities in his catastrophe: he seems to have thought, that to abandon the course of the ordinary and popular narrative, would heighten and improve the effect of his drama, and give a novelty to its termination.

The story of Lear and his daughters is briefly told by Spenser in B. ii. c. 10, of his "Fairie Queene," and thence it has been thought that Shakespeare obtained the name of Cordelia, till then usually called Cordella. That portion of the plot which relates to the Earl of Gloster, he may have procured from Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," first printed in 1590, 4to. B. ii. c. 10, of that romance is thus headed:—"The pitifull state and storie of the Paphalgonian unkinde King, and his kind son." An early ballad on King Lear was also published (see Percy's Reliques, vol. ii. p. 249; edit. 1812), but no copy with a date has come down to us: although it employs the older names of some of the characters, it adopts that of Cordelia; and there are several circumstances, besides a more modern style of composition, which lead us to the belief that it was written posterior to the production of Shakespeare's Tragedy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, King of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloster.
EDGAR, Son to Gloster.
EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloster.
CURAN, a Courtier.
OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.
Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.
Physician.
Fool.
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL,
REGAN,
CORDELIA,
} Daughters to Lear.

Knights of Lear's Train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers and Attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

KING LEAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room of State in King LEAR's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdoms, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities[1] are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into[2] the world, before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

[1] qualities · in folio. [2] to : in folio.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming. [*Sennet within.*

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.[1] [*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Lear. Mean-time, we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom: and 't is our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,[2]
Conferring[3] them on younger strengths,[4] while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,[5]
Interest of territory, cares of state)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.[6]—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. I love[7] you more than words can wield the matter;
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia speak?[8] Love, and be silent. [*Aside.*

[1] lord: in folio. [2] of our state: in quartos. [3] Confirming: in quartos. [4] years: in quartos. [5] This and the next line, are not in folio. [6] Where merit most doth challenge it: in quartos. [7] Sir, I love, &c: in f.e. [8] do: in quartos.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy[1] forests, and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak.[2]

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious sphere[3] of sense possesses,[4]
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then, poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love 's
More plenteous[5] than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although our last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interess'd; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How? how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,

[1] shady: in quartos. [2] Not in folio. [3] square: in f. e. [4] professes: in folio. [5] richer: in f. e.; ponderous: in folio.

That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.[1]

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so: thy truth, then, be thy dower;
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—
[*To* CORDELIA.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France.—Who stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only, we still[2] retain
The name, and all th' additions to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*

Kent. Royal Lear,

[1] This line, not in folio. [2] shall: in folio.

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
And as my patron[1] thought on in my prayers,—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad.—What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour 's bound,
When majesty stoops[2] to folly. Reverse thy doom[3];
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.
Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor[4] fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my sight!
Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.
Lear. Now, by Apollo,—
Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
Lear. O, vassal! recreant[5]!
[*Laying his hand upon his Sword.*
Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.[6]
Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift[7];
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I 'll tell thee, thou dost evil.
Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me.
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet) and, with strain'd[8] pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear)

[1] As my great patron: in f. e. [2] falls: in folio. [3] Reserve thy state: in folio. [4] ne'er: in folio. [5] miscreant: in folio. [6] Not in quartos. [7] doom: in quartos. [8] straied: in quartos

Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if the seventh[1] day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom[2] lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter[3] take thee, maid,
[*To* CORDELIA.
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*To* REGAN *and* GONERIL.
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes! bids you all adieu;
He 'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Re-enter GLOSTER, *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and Attendants.*

Glo. Here 's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath[4] your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She 's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd[5] with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

[1] tenth: in f. e. [2] Friendship: in quartos. [3] protection: in quartos. [4] what: in quartos. [5] Cover'd: in quartos.

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[*To* FRANCE.
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate: therefore, beseech you
T' avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge hers.
France. This is most strange,
That she, that even but now was your blest object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most[1] best, most[2] dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason, without miracle,
Could[3] never plant in me.
Cor. I yet beseech your majesty
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend,
I 'll do 't before I speak) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, nor other foulness,[4]
No unchaste[5] action, or dishonour'd stoop[6],
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.
Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better
France. Is it[7] but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?

[1] [2] the: in folio. [3] Should: in folio. [4] murder, or foulness: in f. e. [5] unclean: in quartos. [6] step: in f. e. [7] no more but this: in quartos.

She is herself a dowry.[1]

Bur. Royal Lear,[2]
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy:
Since that respects of[3] fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken, and most lov'd, despis'd,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what 's cast away.
Gods, gods! 't is strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Shall[4] buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where[5] to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—Therefore, be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, *and Attendants.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love[6] well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duty.

Reg. Let your study

[1] and dower. in quartos. [2] king: in folio. [3] and: in folio. [4] Can: in folio. [5] *Place.* [6] Use: in quartos.

Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
As fortune's alms: you have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them[1] derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE *and* CORDELIA.

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That 's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not[2] been little: he always loved our sister most, and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'T is the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then, must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is farther compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit[3] together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall farther think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Earl of GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter EDMUND, *the Bastard, with a Letter.*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand on the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity[4] of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines

[1] with shame: in folio. [2] Not in folio. [3] sit: in folio. [4] *Scrupulousness.*

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base,
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate. Fine word,—legitimate![1]
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards! [*Reads the Letter.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd[2] his power!
Confin'd to exhibition[3]! All this done
Upon the gad!—Edmund? How now! what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none. [*Hiding the Letter.*

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No! What needed, then, that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come; if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking[4].

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it.
The contents, as in part I understand them,
Are to blame.

[1] These three words are not in quarto. [2] Not in folio. [3] *Signed away.* [4] *Maintenance* [5] liking: in quartos

Glo. Let 's see, let 's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [*Reads.*] "This policy, and reverence[1] of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR."—Humph!—Conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue."—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you?[2] Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there 's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord; but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I 'll[3] apprehend him. Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his pur-

[1] Not in quartos. [2] you to this? in folio. [3] I: in quartos.

pose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other[1] pretence[2] of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any farther delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.[3]

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently, convey the business as I shall find[4] means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason, and the bond cracked between son and father.[5] This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there 's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there 's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty.—'T is strange. [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance;

[1] farther: in quartos. [2] *Invention.* [3] This speech, and the reply to EDMUND, are not in folio. [4] see: in quartos. [5] The passage from this to "Find," is not in quartos.

drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of stars![1] My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major;* so that, it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut! I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.[2] Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O! these eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily;[3] as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolution of ancient amities; divisions in state; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

[1] on the charge of a star: in folio. [2] on my bastardy: in quartos. [3] The rest of this and the next speech, are not in folio.

Edm. That's my fear.[1] I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go: there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit* EDGAR.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy.—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Duke of ALBANY'S Palace.

Enter GONERIL, *and* OSWALD *her Steward.*

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me: every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste[2] it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,

[1] The rest of his and the next speech, are not in quartos. [2] dislike in quartos.

Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,[1]
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away !—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries; when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Osw. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,[2]
That I may speak.—I 'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my course.—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Hall in the Same.

Enter KENT, *disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse[3], my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come ![4]) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR *Knights, and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now ! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem: to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

[1] This and the next four lines, are not in the folio. [2] This and the next line, to "I 'll," not in folio. [3] *Disorder, disguise.* [4] These lines are not in quartos.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What 's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho! dinner!—Where 's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where 's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,— [*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clodpole back. [*Exit Knight.*[1]]—Where 's my fool, ho?—I think the world 's asleep.—[*Re-enter Knight.*[2]] How now, where 's that mongrel?

Knight.[3] He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I called him?

Knight.[4] Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont: there 's a great abatement of kindness[5] appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own con-

[1] [2] Not in f. e. [3] *Kent:* in quartos. [4] *A servant:* in quartos [5] "of kindness": not in quartos.

ception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look farther into 't.—But where 's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter OSWALD.

O! you sir, you sir, come you hither. Who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father? my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord: I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*

Osw. I 'll not be stricken, my lord.

Kent. Not tripped neither, you base foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I 'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise; away! I 'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to: have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes* OSWALD *out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there 's earnest in thy service. [*Giving* KENT *money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too:—here 's my coxcomb.

[*Giving* KENT *his Cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Lear. Why, my boy?[1]

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that 's out of favour.—Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on 's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now,

[1] *Kent.* Why, fool: in quartos

nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I 'd keep my coxcomb myself. There 's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth 's a dog must to kennel: he must be whipped out, when the lady brach[1] may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle.—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear.[2] This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then, 't is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer: you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool.[3] That lord, that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land.
Come place him here by me;
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;

[1] A *female hound.* [2] *Kent:* in folio. [3] This and the next four speeches, to "Give me," are not in folio.

The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away, that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith; lords and great men will not let me: if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't, and loads too: they will not let me have all fool to myself; they 'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I 'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace[1] *in a year;* [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And well may fear[2] *their wits to wear,*
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for, when thou gavest them the rod and putt'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we 'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they 'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou 'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle: thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

[1] *wit:* in quartos. [2] *And know not how:* in f. o.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on?
Methinks,[1] you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no nced to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now: I am a fool; thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue! so your face [*To* GON.] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum:

He that keeps nor crust nor crum, [Singing.
Weary of all, shall want some.

That's a shealed peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank, and not to be endured, riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on,
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon.[3] I would, you would make use of your good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions, which of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings

[1] Not in folio. [2] Must: in quartos which print the whole speech as prose. [3] Come, sir, I: in quartos.

are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 't is not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow?[1] I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. [2]This admiration, sir, is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright,
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd[3] palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I 'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,[4]—O, sir! [*To* ALB.] are you come?
Is it your will?[5] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses!—
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.[6]

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To* GONERIL.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,

[1] "Lear's shadow," is spoken by the fool, and the rest of this and the next speech, is omitted in folio. [2] Come, sir, this: in quartos: the rest of the speech is there printed as prose. [3] great: in quartos. [4] The rest of the line is not in folio. [5] will that we prepare our horses: in quartos. [6] This line is not in quartos.

That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worship of their name.—O, most small fault!
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show,
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.[1]

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—
Hear, nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away! away![2] [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;[3]
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What! fifty of my followers, at a clap,
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What 's the matter, sir?

Lear. I 'll tell thee.—Life and death! [*To* GONERIL.
I am asham'd,
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curse

[1] This line is not in quartos. [2] "Go, go, my people": in quartos. [3] more of it: in folio.

Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I 'll pluck you out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha!
Let it be so:—I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She 'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I 'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.[1]

[*Exeunt* LEAR *in fury*[2], KENT, *and Attendants*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.[3]—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool*

Fool Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! tarry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This[4] man hath had good counsel.—A hundred knights!
'T is politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point a hundred knights: yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far.
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd th' unfitness,—how now, Oswald!

Re-enter OSWALD.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

[1] The quartos add: "Thou shalt, I warrant thee." [2] "*in fury*:" not in f. e. [3] Come, sir, no more: in quartos. [4] This and the next two speeches to "how now," are not in quartos [5] The quarto adds: What, Oswald, ho!

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your return. [*Exit* Osw.] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd[1] for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—Court before the Same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and Fool.*

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no farther with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she 's as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what[2] I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Canst thou tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on 's face?

Lear No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side 's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

[1] at task: in folio. [2] I con what: in quartos.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed. Thou wouldest make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I 'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How 's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that 's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.

Enter Edmund *and* Curan, *meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad: I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-bussing arguments.

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do,[1] then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy question,
Which I must act.—Briefness, and fortune, work![2]—
Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches.—O sir! fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid:
You have now the good advantage of the night.—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He 's coming hither; now, i' the night, in haste,
And Regan with him: have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.[3]

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming.—Pardon me;
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:
Draw: seem to defend yourself. Now 'quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho! here!—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—
[*Exit* EDGAR.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, *and Servants with Torches.*

Glo. Now, Edmund, where 's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling[4] of wicked charms, conjuring the moon

[1] Not in quarto. [2] Which must ask—briefness and fortune help: in quartos. [3] your: in quartos. [4] Warbling: in quartos.

To stand auspicious mistress.

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exu Serv.*] By no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders[1] bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But whether he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found, dispatch'd[2].—The noble duke my master
My worthy arch[3] and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward[4] to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight[5] to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal[6]
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny
(As this I would; although thou didst produce
My very character) I 'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:[7]
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death

[1] the thunder: in folio. [2] dispatch: in f. o. [3] *Chief.* [4] caitiff: in quartos. [5] *Determined.* [6] could the reposure: in quartos. [7] pretence: in quartos.

Were very pregnant and potential spurs[1]
To make thee seek it."
Glo. Strong[2] and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?[3]—I never got him.
[*Tucket within.*
Hark! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes.—
All ports I 'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I 'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and Attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news[4].
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my lord?
Glo. O, madam! my old heart is crack'd, it 's crack'd.
Reg. What! did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your heir,[5] your Edgar?
Glo. O, lady, lady! shame would have it hid.
Reg. Was he[6] companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?
Glo. I know not, madam: 't is too bad, too bad.—
Edm. Yes, madam, yes;[7] he was of that consort.
Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill-affected:
'T is they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I 'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.
Edm. 'T was my duty, sir.
Glo. He did bewray[8] his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

[1] spirits: in folio. [2] O, strange: in folio. [3] Folio adds, "said he," and omits the rest of the line. [4] strangeness: in folio. [5] "your heir," is not in f. e. [6] he not: in f. e. [7] he was: in f. e. [8] betray: in quartos.

Corn. Is he pursued?
Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.
Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—As for you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.
Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
Glo. For him I thank your grace.
Corn. You know not why we came to visit you.
Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,[1]
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought fit
To answer from our home: the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to our bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,[2]
Which craves the instant use.
Glo. I serve you, madam.
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Before GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter KENT *and* OSWALD, *severally.*

Osw. Good dawning[3] to thee, friend: art of this[4] house?
Kent. Ay.
Osw. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I' the mire.
Osw. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.
Kent. I love thee not.
Osw. Why, then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Finsbury[5] pinfold, I would make thee care for me.
Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
Osw. What dost thou know me for?
Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats

[1] prize: in folio. [2] businesses: in folio. [3] even: in quartos. [4] the: in quartos. [5] Lipsbury: in f. e.

a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave, a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldest be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee.

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me. Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines: I 'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: [*Drawing his Sword.*] Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take Vanity, the puppet's[1], part, against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I 'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave: stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, EDMUND, *and Servants.*

Edm. How now! What 's the matter? Part.[2]

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please: come I 'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What 's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives:
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour.

[1] A *contemptuous term* for a woman.—*Dyce.* [2] Not in quartos. Dyce says, t is a stage direction.

You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours[1] at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd
At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou, whoreson zed? thou, unnecessary letter? —My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege[3], affirm, and turn their halcyon[4] beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
And knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile at my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot[5].

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What 's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain:

[1] years: in folio. [2] *Tightly knotted.* [3] *Deny;* Revenge: in folio. [4] The *kingfisher.* It was a popular belief that this bird, if hung up, would turn his beak the way the wind blew. [5] In Somersetshire King Arthur here kept his court.

I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stand on any shoulders that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he;
An honest mind and plain,[1]—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he 's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire,
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Osw. I never gave him any.
It pleas'd the king, his master, very late,
To strike at me upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact[2], and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
You[3] stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We 'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your stocks for me; I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you:

[1] he must be plain: in quartos. [2] conjunct: in quartos. [3] You miscreant knave: in quartos.

You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so.
His fault is much, and the good king his master[1]
Will check him for 't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with. The king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—[2]

[KENT *is set in the Stocks.*

Come, my lord, away.

[*Exeunt* REGAN *and* CORNWALL.

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 't is the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I 'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I 'll whistle:
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke 's to blame in this: 't will be ill taken.

[*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw:[3]—

[1] This and the following lines, to "The king," are not in folio. This line is not in folio.

[2] In your running from him to me,
Ye run out of God's blessing into the warm sun
Heywood's Proverbs; quoted by Knight

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun.
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter.—Nothing almost sees miracles,[1]
But misery :—I know, 't is from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging. Fortune, good night;
Smile once more; turn thy wheel! [*He sleeps*

SCENE III.—A Part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I 'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars,[2] who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,[3]
Poor pelting[4] villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,

[1] my wrack: in qnartos. [2] Poor distracted men, that had been put into Bedlam, where recovering some soberness, they were licentiated to go a begging; *i. e.* they had on their left arm. an armilla, an iron ring for the arm, about four inches long, as printed in some works. They could not get it off: they wore about their necks a great horn of an ox, in a string or bawdrick, which, when they came to a house, they did wind, and they put the drink given to them into this horn, whereto they put a stopple.—*Aubrey's MSS.*; quoted by D'Israeli. There were impostors even among these wretches. [3] service · in quartos. [4] *Petty.*

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood![1] poor Tom!
That 's something yet:—Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit*

SCENE IV.—Before GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter LEAR, *Fool, and a Gentleman.*

Lear. 'T is strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Hail to thee, noble master! [*Waking*[2]
Lear. Ha!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?
Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha, ha! look; he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the head; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs. When a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden netherstocks.
Lear. What 's he, that hath so much thy place mistook,
To set thee here?
Kent. It is both he and she;
Your son and daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I say.
Kent. I say, yea.
Lear. No, no; they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.
Lear. By Jupiter, I swear no.
Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.[4]
Lear. They durst not do 't;
They could not, would not do 't: 't is worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
Resolve me with all modest haste which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

[1] Supposed by Douce, to allude to the Turlepins, or Beghards, a set of fanatics of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, who went about howling like wolves, in their frenzies. [2] Not in f. e. [3] This and the next speech, are not in folio. [4] This speech is not in quartos.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half-breathless, panting forth
From Goneril, his mistress, salutation;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny[1], straight took horse
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness)
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool.[2] Winter 's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—
But, for all this, it follows,
Thou shalt have as many dolours
For thy daughters dear,
As thou canst tell in a year.[3]

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element 's below.—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir; here, within.

Lear. Follow me not:
Stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a train?

[1] *Retinue.* [2] This speech is not in quartos. [3] f. e give the last four lines as prose, and omit the words, "it follows," and "dear."

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserv'd it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We 'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there 's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there 's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that 's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill,[1] let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The fool turns knave[2] that runs away,
The knave no fool,[3] perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd hard to-night[4]? Mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what[5] quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I 'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.[6]

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

[1] upwards: in folio. [2] The knave turns fool: in f. e. [3] The fool no knave: in f. e. [4] all the night: in folio. [5] what fiery: in quarto. [6] This and the next speech, are not in folio.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!—
Fiery[1]? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that[2]—
No, but not yet;—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound: we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore
[*Pointing to* KENT.
Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go, tell the duke and 's wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—"Sleep to death."

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me! my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down:" 't was her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse buttcr'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace! [KENT *is set at liberty*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce thee from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adult'ress,—O! are you free? [*To* KENT
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister 's naught: O Regan! she hath tied
Sharp'd-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.—
[*Points to his heart*
I can scarce speak to thee: thou 'lt not believe,
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!—

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope,

[1] Not in quarto. [2] "Lear," is added in quarto.

You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant[1] her duty.
Lear. Say, how is that?[2]
Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least,
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'T is on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curses on her!
Reg. O, sir! you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return:
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.
Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the mouth:[3]
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [*Kneeling.*
That you 'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."
Reg. Good sir, no more: these are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.
Lear. Never, Regan. [*Rising.*[4]
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.—
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!
Corn. Fie, sir, fie!
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast[5] her pride!
Reg. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.
Lear. No, Regan; thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hearted[6] nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine

[1] slack: in quartos. [2] This and the next speech, are only in folio. [3] house: in f. e. [4] Not in f. e. [5] and blister: in folio. [6] tender-hefted: in f. e.

Do comfort, and not burn. 'T is not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,[1]
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks? [*Tucket*[2] *within.*

Corn. What trumpet 's that?

Enter OSWALD.

Reg. I know 't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on 't.—Who comes here? O heavens!

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—
[*To* GONERIL.
O Regan! wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All 's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides! you are too tough;
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:

[1] *Fixed allowances.* [2] *Blast of a trumpet.*

I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and howl[1]
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Looking at* OSWALD
Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We 'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that 's[2] in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I 'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.
Reg. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with their passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.
Lear. Is this well spoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What! fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'T is hard: almost impossible. [ance
Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attend-

[1] The wolf and owl. Necessity's, &c.: in f. e. [2] that lies within my flesh: in quartos.

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty: to no more
Will I give place, or notice.
Lear. I gave you all.
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What! must I come to you
With five and twenty? Regan, said you so?
Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.
Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise.—I 'll go with thee:
[*To* GONERIL.
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my lord.
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What needs one?
Lear. O! reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me but patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,[1]
As full of grief as age; wretched in both:
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger.
O! let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks.—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things:—

[1] fellow: in quartos.

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I 'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
[*Storm heard at a distance.*
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I 'll weep.—O, fool! I shall go mad.
[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, *and Fool.*

Corn. Let us withdraw, 't will be a storm.

Reg. This house is little: the old man and 's people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'T is his own blame hath put himself from rest;
He must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I 'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth.—He is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going[1]?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'T is best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack! the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle: for many miles about
There 's scarce[2] a bush.

Reg. O sir! to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a wild night:
My Regan counsels well.—Come out o' the storm.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] This and the next speech, to "horse," are not in quartos. [2] not: in quartos.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Heath.

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning. Enter KENT, *and a Gentleman, meeting.*

Kent. Who 's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded, like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where 's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease[1]: tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;[2]
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and spectators[3]
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs[4] and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but flourishings:[5]
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet

[1] The rest of this speech is not in folio. [2] This and the seven following lines, are not in quartos. [3] speculations: in f. e. [4] *Dislikes*, and *intrigues*. [5] furnishings: in f. e. The rest of the speech is not in folio.

In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk farther with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall) show her this ring,
And she will tell you who that[1] fellow is
That yet you do not know. [*Thunder.*] Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, in which your pain
That way, I 'll this, he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Enter LEAR *and Fool.*

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes spout,
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike[2] flat the thick rotundity o' the world:
Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water[3] in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing: here 's a night pities neither wise men nor fools. [*Thunder.*

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!

[1] your: in quartos. [2] Smite: in quartos. [3] "Compliments, fair words, flattering speeches."—*Cotgrave's Dict.*

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will[1] with two pernicious daughters join[2]
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 't is foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of[3] a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.

Kent. Who 's there?

Fool. Marry, here 's grace, and a cod-piece; that 's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir! are you here? Things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow[4] the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, nor the fear.[5]

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother[6] o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;

[1] have: in quartos. [2] join'd: in quartos. [3] have: in quartos [4] *Scare.* [5] force: in quartos. [6] pudder: in folio; thundering: in quartos.

Thou perjure, and thou simuler[1] of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents,[2] and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack! bare-headed
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
(More hard[3] than is the stone whereof 't is rais'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in) return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That 's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—* [Sings.
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* KENT.

Fool.[4] This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.—
I 'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches suitors:
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion[5]

[1] The quartos insert: man. [2] concealed centres: in quartos. [3] harder than the: in folio. [4] This speech not in quartos [5] This and the next line, form part of a prophecy resembling this, in Chaucer

Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack! Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night;—'t is dangerous to be spoken:—I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed:[1] we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king, my old master, must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund: pray you, be careful. [*Exit*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too.
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and Fool.*

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night 's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

[1] landed: in folio

Kent. I 'd rather break mine own. Good my lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 't is much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind 's free,
The body 's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't?—But I will punish home,[1]—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on;—I will endure:[2]—
In such a night as this! O Regan! Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all.[3]—
O! that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I 'll go in:
In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,—[4]
Nay, get thee in. I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep.—
[*Fool goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,[5]
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O! I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom! [*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle; here 's a spirit. Help me! help me!

[1] sure: in quartos. [2] This line is not in quartos. [3] you all: in quartos. [4] This and the next line, not in quartos. [5] night: in quartos.

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who 's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name 's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised as a Madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
"Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold[1] wind."—
Humph! go to thy cold[2] bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through swamp[3] and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; and hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits![4] Tom 's a-cold.—O! do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking[5]. Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes.—There could I have him now,—and there, —and there,—and there again, and there.

[*Strikes.*[6] *Storm continues.*

Lear. What! have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy of their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:—[7]
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

[1] [2] Not in folio. [3] ford: in f. e. [4] The five senses were formerly so called. [5] *Malignant influence.* [6] This direction is not in f. e [7] There is a nursery rhyme similar to this line.

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word; do justice;[1] swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom 's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving[2]-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—"Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind;" says suum, mun, ha no nonny. Dolphin my boy, my boy; sessa![3] let him trot by.

[*Storm still continues.*

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here 's three on's are sophisticated: thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings.—Come; unbutton here.— [*Tearing his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 't is a naughty night to swim in.—Now, a little fire in a wide field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold.—Look! here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and pin[4], squints the eye, and makes the

[1] word justly: in f. e.; word's justice: in first folio; words justice: in second folio. [2] *Servant* in the old sense of *lover*. [3] cease: in quartos. [4] *Cataract* in the eye.

hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold[1] *footed thrice the wold;*
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint[2] *thee, witch, aroint thee!*

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, *with a Torch.*

Lear. What 's he?

Kent. Who 's there? What is 't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water[3]; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool: who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned;[4] who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin[5]! peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What! hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo[6] he 's call'd, and Mahu.[7]

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom 's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet I have ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder?

[1] *Swithold:* in old copies. [2] *Get out, begone.* [3] *Water-newt.* [4] The ordinary punishment, for what an old author calls "idle rogueing about the country." [5] [6] [7] The names of these fiends were derived from Bp. Harsnet's "Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures," 1603. In Suckling's "Goblins," we find, "The prince of darkness is a gentleman: Mahu, Mahu is his name."

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer: go into the house.

Lear. I 'll talk a word with this same[1] learned Theban.—
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.
[*They talk apart.*[2]

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin t' unsettle.

Glo Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death.—Ah, that good Kent!—
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad: I 'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late: I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night 's this!
[*Storm continues.*
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O! cry you mercy, sir.—
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom 's a-cold.

Glo. In fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let 's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him:
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words:
Hush!

Edg. "Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man." [*Exeunt*

[1] most: in quartos. [2] Not in f. e.

SCENE V.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall *and* Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—[*To him.*] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer[1] father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

Enter Gloster, Lear, Kent, *Fool, and* Edgar.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience.—The gods reward your kindness!

[*Exit* Gloster.

Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

[1] dear: in folio.

Fool. No :[1] he 's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he is a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come whizzing in upon them.—

Edg.[2] The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He 's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—
[*To* EDGAR.
Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?
Come o'er the bourne, Bessy, to me:[3]—

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,*
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I 'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—[*To* EDGAR.
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*
Bench by his side.—You are o' the commission,
Sit you too. [*To* KENT.

Edg. Let us deal justly.
Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.
Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 't is Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

[1] Not in quarto. [2] This and the following speeches, to "*Edg.* Bless thy five wits!" are not in folio. [3] Lines somewhat similar to this and the one following, are found in an old metrical dialogue, reprinted in the "Harleian Miscellany."

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here 's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They 'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach[1], or lym[2];
Or bobtail tike[3], or trundle-tail,
Tom will make them[4] weep and wail:
For with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de. See, see! Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then, let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?[5]—You, sir, [*To* EDGAR.] I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire;[6] but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise: draw the curtains. So, so, so: we 'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so.

Fool And I 'll go[7] to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

[1] *Female hound.* [2] *Hunting dog.* [3] *Common cur* [4] him: in folio. [5] this hardness: in quarto. [6] Not in folio. [7] This line is not in quartos.

Kent. Here, sir: but trouble him not; his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:[1]—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,[2]
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. [*To the Fool.*

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt* KENT, GLOSTER, *and the Fool, bearing off the King.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow:
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away!
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and Servants.*

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor[3] Gloster. [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

[1] This speech and the rest of the scene, are not in folio. [2] sinews in quartos. Theobald made the change. [3] villain: in quartos.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my disposure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister:—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter OSWALD.

How now! Where 's the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt* GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* OSWALD.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who 's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 't is he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky[1] arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.[2]

Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find— [*They bind him:* REGAN *plucks his beard*

Glo. By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

[1] *Dry-withered;* applied in "Harsnet's Declaration," to an old woman. [2] true: in quartos.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!
Glo. Naughty lady.
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host:
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?
Reg. To whose hands
Have you sent the lunatic king? Speak.
Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that 's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And false.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?
Glo. To Dover.
Reg. Wherefore
To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—
Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.
Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh rash[1] boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare[2] head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires;
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.[3]
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern[4] time,
Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key."
All cruels else subscrib'd[5]: but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.
Corn. See it shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—
Upon these eyes of thine I 'll set my foot.
Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,

[1] stick: in folio. [2] lov'd: in quartos. [3] rage: in quartos dearn: in quartos; *dreary*. [5] *Yielded*.

Give me some help !—O cruel ! O ye gods !
[*They tear out one eue.*[1]
Reg. One side will mock another ; the other too.
Corn. If you see, vengeance,—
Serv. Hold your hand, my lord.
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child,
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog !
Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I 'd shake it on this quarrel ! What do you mean ?
Corn. My villain ! [*Draws and runs at him.*
Serv. Nay then, come on, and take the chance of anger. [*Draws.* CORNWALL *is wounded.*
Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus !
Serv. O, I am slain !—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him !—O ! [*Dies.*
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly !
Where is thy lustre now ? [*Tearing out his other eye.*[2]
Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where 's my son Edmund ?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain !
Thou call'st on him that hates thee : it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glo. O my follies ! Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him !
Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is 't, my lord ? How look you ?
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt. Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain : throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace :
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
[*Exit* CORNWALL, *led by* REGAN :—*Servants unbind* GLOSTER, *and lead him out.*[3]
1 *Serv.* I 'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good.
2 *Serv.* If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.
1 *Serv.* Let 's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam

[1] [2] Not in f. e. [3] The rest of the scene is not in folio.

To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou: I 'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yes,[1] better thus, unknown[2] to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter.[3] Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace:
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an old Man.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord! I have been your tenant and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir![4] you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 't is seen,
Our wants[5] secure us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah! dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath,
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,

[1] Yet: in f. e. [2] and known: in f. e. [3] From this word to "But who" is not in folios. [4] Alack, sir!: not in quartos [5] means: in f. e.

I 'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who 's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is 't can say, "I am at the worst?"

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'T is poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not

So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*Aside.*] How should this be?—
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others. [*To him.*] Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I 'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir! he is mad.

Glo. 'T is the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I 'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on 't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah; naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom 's a-cold.—[*Aside.*] I cannot daub it farther.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—[*To him.*] Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

[1] Get thee away. If &c.: in folio.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend![1] Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That braves[2] your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I 'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me; from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Before the Duke of ALBANY's Palace.

Enter GONERIL *and* EDMUND; OSWALD *meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way.—Now, where 's your master?

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloster's treachery
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike[3] seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

[1] The rest of this speech is not in folio. [2] slaves: in f. e. [3] desire n quartos.

Gon. Then, shall you go no farther. [*To* EDMUND.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he 'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms[1] at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a chain.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster! [*Exit* EDMUND
O, the difference of man, and man![2]
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my body.[3]

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit* OSWALD.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust, which the rude wind
Blows in your face[4]—I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more: the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?

[1] names: in folio. [2] This line not in quartos. [3] One quarto has: My foot usurps my head; another has: My fool usurps my bed. [4] The rest of this and the following speeches, to "Milk-livered man!" are not in folio.

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering;[1] that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest,
"Alack! why does he so?"

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb.[2] Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord! the duke of Cornwall 's dead
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

[1] The rest of the speech is not in folio. [2] This and the next speech are not in the folio.

Mess. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
[*Giving it.*
'T is from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well:.
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in[2] my fancy pluck
Upor my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart. [*To him.*] I 'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 't was he inform'd against him,
And quit the house, on purpose that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.[3]—The French Camp near Dover.

Enter KENT, *and a Gentleman.*

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back, know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd,
And necessary.

Kent. Whom hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion, who, rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] on: in quartos. [3] This scene is not in the folio

Kent. O! then it mov'd her.
Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove[1]
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better May:[2] those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.
Kent. Made she no verbal question?
Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of "father"
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, "Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believed!"—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then, away she started
To deal with grief alone.
Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?
Gent. No.
Kent. Was this before the king return'd?
Gent. No, since.
Kent. Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear's i' the town,
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.
Gent. Why, good sir?
Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him; his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters; these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.
Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!
Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

[1] streme: in quartos. Pope made the change. [2] way: in quartos some mod eds.: day.

Gent. 'T is so they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I 'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Tent.

Enter CORDELIA, *Physician, and French Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack! 't is he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With hoar-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]—What can man's wisdom,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress[1]!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam:
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'T is known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father!
It is thy business that I go about,
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important[2] tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right.
Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt*

[1] desires: in folio. [2] *Importunate.*

SCENE V.—A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter REGAN *and* OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Osw. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

Osw. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Osw. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what.—I 'll love thee much;
Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband,
I am sure of that; and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know, you are of her bosom.

Osw. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: y' are, I know it;
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's.—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her:

So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Osw. Would I could meet him, madam: I would show
What party do I follow.
Reg. Fare thee well, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, *and* EDGAR *dressed like a Peasant.*

Glo. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour
Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.
Edg. Horribly steep
Hark! do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glo. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.
Edg. Y' are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.
Glo. Methinks, y' are better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here 's the place: stand still.—
How fearful,
And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire: dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock[1]; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I 'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
Glo. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within a foot
Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

[1] *Cockboat.*

Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off:
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.
Glo. With all my heart
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.
Glo. O, you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*
Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.—
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed;—yet he revives.
What are you, sir?
Glo. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou 'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life 's a miracle. Speak yet again.
Glo. But have I fallen, or no?
Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn
Look up a height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.
Glo. Alack! I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'T was yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm: [*Helping him up.*[1]
Up:—so;—how is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were too full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the enridged[2] sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.
Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I 'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself
"Enough, enough!" and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 't would say,
"The fiend, the fiend!" he led me to that place.
Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, *fantastically dressed with Straws and Flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;[3] I am the king himself.
Edg. O, thou side-piercing sight!
Lear. Nature 's above art in that respect.—There 's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:[4] draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look! a mouse. Peace, peace!—this piece of toasted cheese will do 't.—There 's my gauntlet; I 'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.[5]—O, well-flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout[6]: hewgh!—Give the word.
Edg. Sweet marjoram.
Lear. Pass.
Glo. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha! Goneril![7]—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say "ay," and "no," to every thing I said!—"Ay" and

[1] Not in f. e. [2] enraged: in folio. [3] crying: in folio. [4] A *rustic.* set to keep crows from corn. [5] *Spears*, with hooks below the point [6] *The mark.* [7] Goneril, ha! Regan! they. &c.: .n quarto.

"no" too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 't is a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is 't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause?—
Adultery.—
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery? No:
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To 't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yond' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That mimics[1] virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends: there 's hell, there 's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;[2]—fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there' s money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first: it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid, I 'll not love.—Read thou this challenge: mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report; it is,

[1] minces: in f. e. [2] consummation: in quartos.

And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What! with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yond' justice rails upon yond' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog 's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.[1] Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I 'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now!
Pull off my boots: harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd;
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient. We came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air
We wawl, and cry. I will preach to thee: mark me

Glo. Alack! alack the day!

[1] The next sentence to "Get" is not in quartos.

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—'T is[1] a good plot.[2]
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt. I 'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman with Attendants.

Gent. O! here he is: lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What! a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.[3]

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely,
Like a smug[4] bridegroom. What! I will be jovial.
Come, come; I am a king, my masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there 's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit: Attendants follow.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what 's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near 's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that 's all

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,

[1] This: in f. e [2] block: in f. e. [3] This line is not in folio [4] Not in quarto.

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me.
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to[1] fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I 'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out [*Drawing.*
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [EDGAR *interposes.*

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch 'ill not let go, zir, without varther 'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 't would not ha' been zo long as 't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out che vor'ye, or Ise try whether your costard or my bal low[2] be the harder. Ch 'ill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch 'ill pick your teeth, zir. Come; no matter vor your foins.

[*They fight; and* EDGAR *strikes him down.*

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me.—Villain, take my purse.
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,

[1] lame by: in quartos. [2] *Head*, or *my cudgel.*

To Edmund earl of Gloster: seek him out
Upon the British[1] party.—O, untimely death! [*Dies.*
Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.
Glo. What! is he dead?
Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let 's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He 's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds we rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawful.
[*Reads.*] "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror; then, am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol, from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

"Your (wife, so I would say)
"affectionate servant,
"GONERIL."

O, unextinguish'd blaze[2] of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I 'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 't is well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.
Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract;
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves. [*Drum afar off*
Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father; I 'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt*

[1] English: in folio. [2] undistinguish'd space: in f. e.

SCENE VII.—*A Tent in the French Camp.* LEAR *on a Bed, asleep; Doctor, Gentleman, and others, attending: Enter* CORDELIA *and* KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent! how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short.
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours.
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam:
Yet to be known shortens my main[1] intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be 't so, my good lord.—How does the king? [*To the Physician.*

Doct. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O, you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
Th' untun'd and jarring[2] senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Doct. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Doct.[3] Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Kent. Good madam, be by when we do awake him:
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.[4] [*Music.*

Doct. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

[1] made: in f. e. [2] *Hurrying.* [3] The folio gives this and the next speech to the *Doctor*. Most mod. eds. give the first to a *Gentleman* and the second to the *Doctor;* the text follows one of the quartos [4] This and the next line, are not in folio.

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring[1] winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'T is wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 't is fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave.—
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know. Where[2] did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide.

Doct. He 's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-light?—
I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let 's see:
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

Cor. O! look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward,[3] not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

[1] oppos'd against the jarring: in folio. The following lines to "Mine" are not in folio. [2] So one quarto, and folio; the other When. [3] The rest of the line is not in folio.

Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cur'd[1] in him; and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in: trouble him no more,
Till farther settling.

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, *Doctor, and Attendants.*[2]

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 't is said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar, his banished son, is with the earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'T is time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle 's fought. [*Exit*

[1] kill'd: in folio. The latter part of this, and the next line, are not in folio. [2] The rest of this scene is not in folio.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN, *Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course. He 's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.
[*To an Officer, who exit.*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'T is to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?

Edm.[1] That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct,
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me[2] not.—
She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, *and Soldiers.*

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.—
Sir, this I hear,—the king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out.[3] Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

[1] This and the next speech, are not in folio. [2] Not in folio. [3] The rest of this, and next speech, not in folio.

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.
Alb. Let us, then, determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.
Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Reg. Sister, you 'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'T is most convenient; pray you, go with us.
Gon. O, ho! I know the riddle. [*Aside.*]—I will go.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised.*

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I 'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt* EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, *Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you! [*Going.*[1]
Alb. Stay, till I have read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I 'll appear again. [*Exit.*
Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy 's in view; draw up your powers.
Here[2] is the guess of their true[3] strength and forces
By diligent discovery; [*Showing a Paper.*] but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*
Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad, her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we 'll use

[1] Not in 1. e. [2] Hard: in quartos. [3] great: in quartos.

His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colours, LEAR CORDELIA, *and their Forces; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR *and* GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree[1]
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I 'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit* EDGAR.

Alarum; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man! give me thy hand: away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand; come on.

Glo. No farther, sir: a man may rot even here.

Edg. What! in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. Come on.

Glo. And that 's true too.[2] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, in conquest, with Drum and Colours, EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *as Prisoners; Captain, Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first[3] be known,
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let 's away to prison
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:

[1] bush: in quartos. [2] This speech is not in quarto. [3] best: in quartos.

When thou dost ask me blessing, I' ll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we 'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we 'll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins; who 's in, who 's out;
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we 'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee? [*Embracing her.*[1]
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeers[2] shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we 'll see them starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; [*Giving a Paper.*] go, follow them to prison.
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword. Thy great employment
Will not bear question: either say, thou 'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I 'll do 't, my lord. [done

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Capt.[3] I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Captain.*

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, *Officers, and Attendants.*

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well. You have the captives,
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them,

[1] Not in f. e. [2] good years: in old copies. [3] This speech is not in folio.

As we shall find their merits, and our safety,
May equally determine.
Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;[1]
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at farther space, t' appear
Where you shall hold your session.[2] At this time,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness.—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.
Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.
Reg. That 's as we list to grace him:
Methinks, our pleasure might[3] have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
To which immediacy[4] may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.
Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.[5]
Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.
Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holla! holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.
Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony:
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine.
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

[1] These three words are not in folio. [2] The rest of the speech is not in folio. [3] should: in quartos. [4] immediate: in quartos. [5] advancement: in quartos.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.[1]
[*To* EDMUND.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy[2] arrest,
This gilded serpent. [*Pointing to* GON.]—For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'T is she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.
Gon. An interlude![3]
Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster.—Let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge. [*Throwing down a Glove.*] I 'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sick! O, sick!
Gon. [*Aside.*] If not, I 'll ne'er trust poison.[4]
Edm. There 's my exchange: [*Throwing down a Glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.
Alb. A herald, ho!
Edm. A herald, ho! a herald!
Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
Reg. My sickness grows upon me.
Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit* REGAN, *led*

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,

[1] good: in quartos. [2] thine attaint: in quartos. [3] Not in quartos [4] medicine: in folio.

And read out this.

Capt. Sound, trumpet. [*A Trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

"If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists[1] of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence."

Edm. Sound! [1 *Trumpet.*

Her. Again. [2 *Trumpet.*

Her. Again. [3 *Trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, *armed, preceded by a Trumpet.*

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name? your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What 's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine:
[*Drawing.*[2]
Behold, it is[3] the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, skill, youth,[4] and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from th' extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust below thy foot,[5]
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, "No,"
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,

[1] host: in quartos. [2] Not in f. e. [3] Folio inserts: my privilege
[4] thy strength, youth, place: in f. e. [5] beneath thy feet: in quarto

Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule[1] of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak!

[*Alarums. They fight.* EDMUND *falls.*

Alb. O, save him! save him!

Gon. This is mere[2] practice, Gloster.
By the laws of arms[3] thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame;
Or with this paper shall I stop it?—Hold, sir!—[4]
Thou worse than any name,[5] read thine own evil.

[*She snatches at the Letter.*[6]

No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the Letter to* EDMUND.

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can[7] arraign me for 't?[8]

Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon.[9] Ask me not what I know. [*Exit* GONERIL.

Alb. Go after her: she 's desperate; govern her.

[*Exit an Officer.*

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done,
And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
'T is past, and so am I. But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let 's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

[*Taking off his Helmet.*[10]

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

[1] right: in quartos. [2] Not in folio. [3] war: in quartos. [4] Hold, sir!: not in quartos. [5] thing: in quartos. [6] Not in f. e. [7] shall: in quartos. [8] *Exit:* in folio. [9] *Edmund:* in folio. [10] Not in f. e

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices[1]
Make instruments to plague[2] us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.
Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 't is true;
The wheel is come full circle: I am here.
Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father.
Edg. Worthy prince, I know 't.
Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?
Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;
And when 't is told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness!
That with[3] the pain of death we 'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, t' assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
(Alack! too weak the conflict to support)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief
Burst smilingly.
Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you on:
You look as you had something more to say.
Alb. If there be more more woful, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.[4]
Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

[1] virtues: in quartos. [2] scourge: in quartos. [3] we: in folio
[4] The next three speeches are not in folio.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he 'd burst heaven; threw him[1] on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack; twice, then, the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.

Gent. Help, help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'T is hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O! she 's dead:

Alb. Who dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—
This judgment[2] of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman*

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. O! it is[3] he.
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night:
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where 's the king? and where 's Cordelia?—
Seest thou this object, Kent? [

[*The Bodies of* GONERIL *and* REGAN *are brought in.*

Kent. Alack! why thus?

[1] me: in quartos. [2] iustice: in quartos. [3] this is: in folio.

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.
Alb. Even so —Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life:—some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.—
Nay, send in time.
Alb. Run, run! O, run!
Edg. To whom, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.
Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit* EDGAR
Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.
Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile!
[EDMUND *is borne off.*
Enter LEAR *with* CORDELIA *dead in his Arms;* EDGAR, *Officer, and others.*
Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O! you are men of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I 'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—She 's gone for ever.—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She 's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass:
If that her breath will mist or stain the shine,[1]
Why, then she lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror?
Alb. Fall, and cease!
Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O, my good master! [*Kneeling*
Lear. Pr'ythee, away.
Edg. 'T is noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers,[2] traitors all!

[1] stone: in f. e. [2] murderous: in quartos.

I might have sav'd her; now, she 's gone for ever.—
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is 't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.
Off. 'T is true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them[1] skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I 'll tell you straight.
Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull light:[2]—are you not Kent?
Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?
Lear. He 's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He 'll strike, and quickly too.—He 's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man—
Lear. I 'll see that straight.
Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else. All 's cheerless, dark, and deadly:
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.
Lear. Ay, so I think.
Alb. He knows not what he says;[3] and vain is it,
That we present us to him.
Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Alb. That 's but a trifle here—
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great[4] decay may come,
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power.—To you your rights,
[*To* EDGAR *and* KENT.
With boot, and such addition, as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste

[1] him: in folio. [2] sight: in f. e. [3] sees: in quartos. [4] Not in quartos.

The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O! see, see!
Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou 'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!—
Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.[1]—
Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips.—
Look there, look there!— [*He dies.*
Edg. He faints.—My lord, my lord!—
Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!
Edg. Look up, my lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass: he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough[2] world
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. He is gone, indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.
Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe.—Friends of my soul, you twain
[*To* KENT *and* EDGAR.
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.
Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go:
My master calls me;[3] I must not say, no.
Alb.[4] The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.
[*Exeunt, with a dead March*

[1] The rest of the speech is not in quartos. [2] Pope reads: rough [3] and: in quartos. [4] *Edgar:* in folio.

OTHELLO.

"The Tragœdy of Othello, The Moore of Venice. As it hath beene diuerse times acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by his Maiesties Seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London, Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse. 1622." 4to. 48 leaves, irregularly paged.

"The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice," occupies thirty pages in the folio of 1623; viz from p. 310 to p. 339 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies:" it is there, as in the three later folios, divided into Acts and Scenes, and on the last page is a list of the characters, headed, "The Names of the Actors."

INTRODUCTION.

By the subsequent extract from "The Egerton Papers," printed by the Camden Society, (p. 343) it appears that "Othello" was acted for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, at the residence of Lord Ellesmere (then Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal) at Harefield, in the beginning of August, 1602:—

> "6 August 1602. Rewards to the Vaulters, players, and dauncers. Of this x^{li} to Burbidge's players for Othello, lxiiii^{li} xviiii^{s} x^{d}."

The part of the memorandum which relates to "Othello" is interlined, as if added afterwards; but thus we find decisively, that this tragedy was in being in the summer of 1602; and the probability is, that it was selected for performance because it was a new play, having been brought out at the Globe theatre in the spring of that year.[1]

The incidents, with some variation, are to be found in Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*, where the novel is the seventh of the third Decad, and it bears the following explanatory title in the Monte Regale edition of 1565:—"Un Capitano Moro piglia per mogliera una cittadina Venetiana: un suo Alfieri l'accusa di adulterio al marito; cerca che l'Alfieri uccida colui ch'egli credea l'adultero: il Capitano uccide la moglie, è accusato dallo Alfieri, non confessa il Moro, ma essendovi chiari inditii è bandito; et lo scelerato Alfieri, credendo nuocere ad altri, procaccia à se la morte miseramente." This novel was early translated into French, and in all probability into English, but no such version has descended to us. Our great dramatist may indeed have read the story in the original language; and it is highly probable that he was sufficiently acquainted with Italian for the purpose. Hence he took only the name of Desdemona.

We have seen, by the quotation from "The Egerton Papers," that the company by which "Othello" was performed at Harefield was called "Burbidge's players;" and there can be no doubt that he was the leading actor of the company, and thereby in the account gave his name to the association, though properly denominated the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. Richard Burbage was the original actor of the part of Othello, as we learn from an elegy upon his death, among the late Mr. Heber's manuscripts. To the same fact

[1] It appears from Mr. P. Cunningham's "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," (printed for the Shakespeare Society) p. 203, that a play, called "The Moor of Venis," no doubt. "Othello," was acted at Whitehall on Nov. 1, 1604. The tragedy seems to have been always so popular as to remain what is termed "a stock piece;" and it was performed again before King Charles and his Queen at Hampton Court on Dec. 8, 1636. Ibid. Introd. p. xxv.

we may quote the concluding stanza of a ballad, on the incidents of "Othello," written after the death of Burbage, which has also come down to us in manuscript:—

"Dick Burbage, that most famous man,
That actor without peer,
With this same part his course began,
And kept it many a year.
Shakespeare was fortunate, I trow,
That such an actor had:
If we had but his equal now,
For one I should be glad."

The writer spoke at random, when he asserted that Burbage began his career with Othello, for we have evidence to show that he was an actor of high celebrity, many years before Shakespeare's "Othello" was written, and we have no proof that there was any older play upon the same subject.

There are two quarto editions of "Othello," one bearing date in 1622, the year before the first folio of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies" appeared, and the other printed in 1630. An exact copy of the title-page of the quarto of 1622, will be found in the usual place, and that published in 1630 differs only in the imprint, which is "by A. M. for Richard Hawkins," &c. We have had frequent occasion in our notes to refer to this impression, which has, indeed, been mentioned by the commentators, but nothing like sufficient attention has been paid to it. Malone summarily dismissed it as "an edition of no authority," but it is very clear that he had never sufficiently examined it. It was unquestionably printed from a manuscript different from that used for the quarto of 1622, or for the folio of 1623; and it presents a number of various readings, some of which singularly illustrate the original text of "Othello." Of this fact it may be fit here to supply some proof.

In Act iii. sc. 3, a passage occurs in the folio of 1623, which is not contained in the quarto of 1622, and which runs thus imperfectly in the folio:—

——— "Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er keeps retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick and the Hellespont," &c.

It will not be disputed that "Ne'er *keeps* retiring ebb" must be wrong, the compositor of the folio having caught "keeps" from the later portion of the same line. In Pope's edition, "feels" was substituted for *keeps*, and the word has since usually continued in the text, with Malone's note, "the correction was made by Mr. Pope." The truth is, that Pope was right in his conjecture as to the misprinted word, for in the quarto of 1630, which Malone could not have consulted, but which he nevertheless pronounced "of no authority," the passage stands thus:—

——— "Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current, and compulsive course
Ne'er *feels* retiring ebb," &c.

If Malone had looked at the quarto of 1630, he would have seen that Pope had been anticipated in his proposed emendation about a hundred years; and that in the manuscript from which the quarto of 1630 was printed, the true word was "feels," and not *keeps*, as it was misprinted in the folio of 1623. We will take an instance, only six lines earlier in the same scene, to show the value of the quarto of 1630, in supporting the quarto of 1622, and in correcting the folio of 1623. Othello exclaims, as we find the words in the folio,

"Arise, black vengeance, from *the* hollow *hell*,"

a line which has been generally thus printed, adopting the text of the quarto of 1622:—

"Arise, black vengeance, from *thy* hollow *cell*;"

and these are exactly the words in the quarto of 1630, although it can be established that it was printed, not from the quarto of 1622, nor from the folio of 1623, but from a manuscript which in many places differed materially from both, and in some few supplied a text inferior to both. It is not necessary to pursue this point farther, especially as our brief notes abundantly establish that the quarto of 1630, instead of being "of no authority," is of great value, with reference to the true reading of some important passages.

Walkley, the publisher of the quarto of 1622, thus entered that edition on the Stationers' Registers, shortly previous to its appearance:—

"6 Oct. 1621.
Tho. Walkley] Entered for his, to wit, under the handes of Sir George Buck and of the Wardens: The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice."

It is perhaps not too much to presume, that this impression, though dated 1622, had come out at the close of 1621; and that it preceded the folio of 1623 is very obvious, from the fact, that "Othello" was not included in their list by Blunt and Jaggard, the publishers of the folio of 1623, because they were aware that it had already been printed, and that it had been entered as the property of another bookseller. The quarto of 1622 was preceded by the following address:—

"The Stationer to the Reader.

"To set forth a book without an epistle were like to the old English proverb, 'A blue coat without a badge;' and the author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of work upon me. To commend it I will not—for that which is good, I hope every man will commend without entreaty; and I am the bolder, because the author's name is sufficient to vent his work. Thus leaving every one to the liberty of judgment, I have ventured to print this play, and leave it to the general censure. Yours, THOMAS WALKLEY."

The publishers of the folio of 1623, perhaps purchased Walkley's interest in "Othello."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Venice.
Brabantio, a Senator.
Two other Senators.
Gratiano, Brother to Brabantio.
Lodovico, Kinsman to Brabantio.
Othello, the Moor.
Cassio, his Lieutenant.
Iago, his Ancient.
Roderigo, a Venetian Gentleman
Montano, Governor of Cyprus.
Clown, Servant to Othello.
Herald.

Desdemona, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.
Emilia, Wife to Iago.
Bianca, a Courtezan of Venice.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-Port in Cyprus.

OTHELLO,

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter RODERIGO *in choler,*[1] *and* IAGO.

Rod. Tush[2]! never tell me, I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.
Iago. 'Sblood! but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off[3]-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price: I am worth no worse a place;
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly-stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,[4]
Nonsuits my mediators; "For certes," says he,
"I have already chose my officer." And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric[5],
Wherein the toged[6] consuls can propose

[1] These two words, "*in choler*," are not in f. e. [2] Not in folio. [3] Oft: in quarto. [4] This line is not in folio. [5] *Theory*. [6] tongued in folio.

As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th' election;
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,
Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor, this counter-caster:
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, God bless the mark! his Moor-ship's ancient

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy: 't is the curse of service,
Preferment goes by favour and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir t' the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just terms am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

Iago. O, sir! content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and when he 's old, cashier'd
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
Who, learn'd[1] in forms and usages[2] of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them; and when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 't is not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

[1] trimm'd: in f. e. [2] visages: in f. e.

For daws[1] to peck at: I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full[2] fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry 't thus!
Iago. Call up her father;
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets: incense her kinsmen;
And though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes[3] of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.
Rod. Here is her father's house: I 'll call aloud.
Iago. Do; with like clamorous[4] accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.
Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!
Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Enter BRABANTIO, *above, at a Window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Iago. 'Zounds! sir, you are robb'd; for shame, put on your gown:
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul:
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say.
Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I: what are you?
Rod. My name is Roderigo.
Bra. The worse[5] welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors.
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,

[1] doves: in quartos. [2] fall: in folio. [3] chances: in folio [4] timorous: in f. e. [5] worser; in folio.

Upon malicious bravery[1] dost thou come
To start my quiet.
Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—
Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good sir.
Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.
Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.
Iago. 'Zounds! sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you 'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse: you 'll have your nephews neigh to you; you 'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.
Bra. What profane wretch art thou?
Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a villain.
Iago. You are—a senator.
Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Roderigo. [you,[2]
Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech
If 't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
Laying[3] her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,

[1] knavery: in folio. [2] The rest of this speech to "Straight" is not in quarto, 1622. [3] Tying: in f. e.

On[1] an extravagant and wheedling[2] stranger,
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—
This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already.—
Light, I say! light! [*Exit from above.*
Iago. Farewell, for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I stay I shall)
Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he 's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars
(Which even now stand in act) that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the sagittary[3] the raised scarch;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

Enter BRABANTIO, *and Servants with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what 's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 't was she?—O! thou deceiv'st me
Past thought.—What said she to you?—Get more tapers!
Raise all my kindred!—Are they married, think you?
Rod. Truly, I think, they are.
Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—O, treason of my blood!—

[1] In: in f. e. [2] wheeling: in f. e. [3] The official residence in the Arsenal of Othello.

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.[1]

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on.[2] At every house I 'll call;
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo;—I 'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Attendants, with Torches.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here, under the ribs

Oth. 'T is better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure[3] of this,
That the magnifico is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential,
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint, or[4] grievance,
The law (with all his might t' enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know,
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being

[1] I have, sir: in quarto. [2] Pray, lead me on: in quartos. [3] be assured: in folio. [4] and: in quarto.

From men of royal siege;[1] and my demerits[2]
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO, *and certain Officers with Torches.*

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends.
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent[3] messengers,
This very night, at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate sent above[4] three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'T is well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack[5]:
If it prove lawful prize, he 's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He 's married.

Cas. To whom?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

[1] height: in quartos. [2] *Merits.* [3] frequent: in quartos. [4] about: in folio. [5] *Freight-ship.*

Oth. Have with you.
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.
Iago. It is Brabantio.—General, be advis'd:
He comes to bad intent.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and Officers, with Torches and Weapons.*

Oth. Holla! stand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O, thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I 'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,[1]
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings[2] of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense,[3]
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That weaken motion.—I 'll have 't disputed on;
'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.
I, therefore, apprehend, and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant.—
Lay hold upon him! if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.
Oth. Hold your hands!
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go,
To answer this your charge?
Bra. To prison; till fit time

[1] This line is not in quarto, 1622. [2] dearling: in folio. [3] This and the five following words, are not in quarto, 1622.

Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.
Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bear[1] me to him?
Off. 'T is true, most worthy signior:
The duke 's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.
Bra. How! the duke in council,
In this time of the night!—Bring him away.
Mine 's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 't were their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Council-Chamber.

The DUKE, *and Senators, sitting in state; Officers attending.*

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.
1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd:
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, with the same[2] reports,
'T is oft with difference) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Sailor. [*Within.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.
Duke. Now, the business?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes:
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.[3]

[1] bring: in folio. [2] where the aim: in f. e. [3] This line is not in quarto, 1622.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 *Sen.* This cannot be
By no assay of reason: 't is a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,[1]
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of this
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them[2] with an after fleet.

1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail; and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'T is certain, then, for Cyprus.—
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

1 *Sen.* He 's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post, post-haste dispatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
[*To* BRABANTIO.
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me,
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,

[1] The rest of the speech is not in quarto, 1622. [2] Not in quarto, 1622

Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold[1] of me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what 's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me:
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense[2])
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After its[3] own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?
[*To* Othello.

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set[4] phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,

[1] Take any: in quartos, 1622. [2] Not in quarto, 1622. [3] your: in folio. [4] soft: in folio.

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I, therefore, vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof:
Without more evidence and overt test,[1]
These are thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, you prefer against him.

1 *Sen.* But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections;
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,[2]
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.— [*Exeunt* IAGO *and Attendants.*
And, till she come, as truly[3] as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I 'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

[1] more certain and more overt test: in f. e. [2] This line is not in quarto, 1622. [3] faithful: in quarto, 1622.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth Her father lov'd me; oft invited me,
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I had pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's[1] history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,[2]
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do[3] grow beneath their shoulders. This[4] to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;[5]
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:[6]
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'T was pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,

[1] traveller's: in folio. [2] wild: in folio, 1632. [3] Not in folio [4] These things: in folio. [5] hence: in folio. [6] kisses: in folio.

And that would woo her.—On this hint[1] I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head,[2] if my bad blame
Light on the man.—Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty.
To you, I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of[3] duty;
I am hitherto your daughter: but here 's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done.—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart[4]
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and say a sentence,
Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.[5]
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.

[1] heat: in quartos. [2] light on me: in quartos. [3] lord of all my: in quarto, 1622. [4] [5] These lines are not in quarto, 1622.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new[1] mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile:
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pieced through the ear.
Beseech you, now to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation, makes for Cyprus.—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a most[2] sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must, therefore, be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch[3] of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do[4] undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition,
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be 't at her father's.[5]

Bra. I 'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,

[1] mors: in quartos. [2] more: in f. e. [3] coach: in old copies
[4] would: in quarto, 1622. [5] Why, at her father's: in folio.

By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a prosperous[1] ear:
And let me find a charter in your voice,
T' assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?[2]

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm[3] of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart 's subdued
Even to the very quality[4] of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which[5] I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth.[6] Your voices, lords: 'beseech you, let her will
Have a free way.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply wi' the young affects of heat,[7]
(In me defunct) and[8] proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your counsels,[9] that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
When[10] she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid foil[11] with wanton dulness
My speculative and active[12] instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my reputation![13]

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going. Th' affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it: you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?[14]

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

[1] a gracious ear: in quarto. [2] speak: in quarto, 1622. [3] scorn: in quartos. [4] utmost pleasure: in quarto. [5] why: in folio. [6] *Oth.* Let her have your voice; Vouch, &c.: in folio. [7] comply with heat the yonng effects: in f. e. [8] In my defunct and, &c.: in f. e. [9] good souls: in f. e. [10] For: in quartos. [11] seel: in folio. [12] offic'd: in folio. [13] estimation: in folio. [14] Not in folio.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet again
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As do import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty, and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[*To* BRABANTIO.
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 *Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes[1] to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, *Senators*, *Officers*, *&c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her[2] after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.
[*Exeunt* OTHELLO *and* DESDEMONA.

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

[1] have a quick eye: in quarto, 1622. [2] them: in folio.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 't is in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are[1] gardens, to the which, our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance[2] of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I profess[3] me thy friend. and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour[4] with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor, —put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.— These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter[5] as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore, put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersupple[6] Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make

[1] are our: in folio. [2] brain: in folio. [3] have professed: in folio [4] change thy countenance. [5] acerb: in quarto, 1622. [6] supersubtle in f. e.

money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes,[1] if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I 'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?[2]

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed. I 'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse.[3] [*Exit* RODERIGO.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
Yet[4] I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio 's a proper man: let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume[5] up my will
In double knavery,—How, how?—Let 's see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so,

[1] The rest of the sentence is not in quarto, 1622. [2] This and the next two lines to "I 'll" are not in folio. [3] This line is not in folio. [4] But: in folio. [5] make: in quarto, 1622

And will as tenderly be led by the nose.
As asses are.—
I have 't;—it is engender'd:—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. A Platform.

Enter MONTANO *and Two Gentlemen.*

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven[1] and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when[2] mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds,
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole.
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to[3] bear it out.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lads![4] our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: a noble[5] ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

[1] haven: in quarto. [2] the huge mountain: in quarto [3] them in quarto. [4] lords: in quarto. [5] another: in quarto.

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in:
A Florentine,[1] Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself 's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.
Mon. I am glad on 't; 't is a worthy governor.
3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.
Mon. Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that 's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,[2]
Even till we make the main, and th' aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.
3 *Gent.* Come, let 's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO,[3] *and several Islanders.*

Cas. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor.—O! let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea
Mon. Is he well shipp'd?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter a Messenger.

Cas. What noise?
Mess. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "a sail."
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
[*Guns heard*
2 *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends, at least.
Cas. I pay you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 't is arriv'd.

[1] A Veronese: in f. e. [2] The rest of the speech is not in quarto, 1622. [3] The rest of this direction is not in f e.

2 *Gent.* I shall. [*Exit.*

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid,
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of[1] blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.[2]—How now! who has put in?

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors enstcep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'ennight's speed.—Great Jove! Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort.—O, behold!

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—

[*They kneel.*

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me[4] of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he 's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O! but I fear.—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail!

[1] quirks of: not in quarto, 1622. [2] tire the ingeniuer: in folio [3] Not in f. e. [4] Not in folio.

But, hark! a sail. [*Guns heard.*

2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.[1]—
[*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome.—Welcome, mistress.—
[*To* EMILIA.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners: 't is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You 'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith,[2] too much;
I find it still, when I have lust[3] to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on; assay.—There 's one gone to the harbour?

Cas. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come; how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but, indeed, my invention

[1] So speaks this voice: in quarto, 1622. [2] I know: in quarto, 1622 [3] list: in f. e.

Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all; but my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one 's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd!—How, if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.[1]

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly helps her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond[2] paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that 's foul and foolish?

Iago. There 's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—"now I may:"
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind:[3]
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal censurer?[4]

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

[*Talks apart with* DESD.[5]

[1] hit: in quarto. 1622. [2] *Foolish.* [3] Not in quarto, 1622. [4] counsellor: in f. e [5] Not in f. e.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 't is so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 't is so indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake.—[*A Trumpet heard.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'T is truly so.

Des. Let 's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. O, my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O, my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,[1]
May the winds blow, till they have waken'd death;
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven. If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
[*Kissing her*
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [*Aside.*] O! you are well tun'd now
But I 'll set down the pegs that makes this music,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—

[1] calmness: in quartos.

News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.
Bring thou the master to the citadel:
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.—Come hither.[1]—If thou be'st valiant—as they say base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard.—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 't is not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies; and will she[2] love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again[3] to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no farther conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none:[4] a subtle slippery knave; a finder out of occasions; that

[1] thither: in folio. [2] lies, to: in folio. [3] a game: in folio [4] why, none; why none: not in folio.

has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after; a pestilent complete knave, and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her: she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: bless'd pudding[1]! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index,[2] and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I 'll lay 't upon you. Cassio knows you not:—I 'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other cause you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;

[1] These two words are not in quartos. [2] *Commencement*

That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit.
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he 'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lustful[1] Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can, or shall, content my soul,
Till I am even'd[2] with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor brach[3] of Venice, whom I trash,[4]
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,—
I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank[5] garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;—
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confus'd:
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction[6] leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open: and there is full liberty of feasting,[7] from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello! [*Exeunt.*

[1] lusty: in folio. [2] even: in quarto, 1622. [3] *Small hound trace*: in f. e. [5] right: in folio. [6] mind: in quarto, 1622. [7] of feasting: not in quartos.

SCENE III. A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love:
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
[*To* DESDEMONA.
That profit 's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt* OTH., DES., *attended.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not yet ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, whom let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She 's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And I 'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she 's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of[1] provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O! they are our friends; but one cup: I 'll drink for you

[1] to: in folio.

Cas. . have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 't is a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I 'll do 't, but it dislikes me. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he 's to watch.
Three elves[1] of Cyprus,—noble, swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle.—But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, *with him* MONTANO, *and Gentlemen.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse[2] already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!
And let me the canakin clink, clink; [Sings.
And let me the canakin clink;
A soldier 's a man;
A life 's[3] *but a span;*
Why then let a soldier drink.
Some wine, boys! [*Wine brought.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German,

[1] la'ls: in f. e. [2] *Carouse.* [3] *O man's life:* in folio.

and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your Englishman.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite[1] in his drinking

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I 'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,[2]
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'T is pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well, heaven 's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It is true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay; but, by your leave, not before me: the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient.—Let 's have no more of this; let 's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let 's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; —this is my right hand, and this is my left hand.—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think, then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters: come, let 's set the watch.

[1] expert: in quarto, 1622. [2] This ballad is in "Percy's Reliques."

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before:
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction; and do but see his vice.
'T is to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as th' other: 't is pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts in him,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.
Mon. But is he often thus?
Iago. 'T is evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He 'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.
Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes[1] the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [*Aside to him*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit* RODERIGO
Mon. And 't is great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second,
With one of an ingrâft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.
Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?
[*Cry within*,—Help! Help!

Re-enter CASSIO, *pursuing* RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!
Mon. What 's the matter, lieutenant?
Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty?
I 'll beat the knave into a wicker[2] bottle.
Rod. Beat me!
Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Striking* RODERIGO.
Mon. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I 'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mon. Come, come; you 're drunk
Cas. Drunk! [*They fight*

[1] Praises: in quartos [2] twiggen: in folio.

Iago. Away, I say! [*Aside to* Rod.] go out, and cry
a mutiny. [*Exit* Rod.
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen!—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters!—Here 's a goodly watch, indeed!
[*Bell rings.*
Who 's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will! lieutenant, hold!
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mon. 'Zounds! I bleed still: I am hurt to the death.
[*He faints.*
Oth. Hold, for your lives!
Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant!—sir, Montano,—gentlemen!—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you: hold, for shame!
Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know:—friends all but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed; and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitted them)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs, that brought me to a part of it.
Oth. How came[1] it, Michael, you were thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.
Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what 's the matter,

[1] comes: in folio.

That you unlace your reputation thus.
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.
Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you.
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
By me that 's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.
Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment quelled,[1]
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court of guard and safety?
'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began it?
Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.
Iago. Touch me not so near.
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,

[1] cellied: in f e.

And Cassio high in oath, which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before. When I came back.
(For this was brief) I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.
Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up!—
I 'll make thee an example.
Des. What 's the matter?[1]
Oth. All 's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.—
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.—
Lead him off.— [MONTANO *is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona; 't is the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but* IAGO *and* CASSIO.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Cas. Ay, past all surgery.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O! I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!
Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence[2] in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy

[1] Folio adds: dear. [2] sense: in folio.

than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he 's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so light,[1] so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk?[2] and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure,[3] and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered.

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell me, I am a drunkard. Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I 'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general:—I may say so in

[1] slight: in folio. [2] This sentence to "O" is not in quarto. 1622 pleasance: in folio.

this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and devotement[1] of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she 'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint[2] between you and her husband entreat her to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit* Cassio.

Iago. And what 's he, then, that says I play the villain,
When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Probable[3] to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she 's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And, then, for her
To win the Moor,—were 't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good?—Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now; for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,

[1] Theobald reads: denotement. [2] brawl: in quarto, 1622. [3] probal: in f. e.

I 'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals[1] him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor:
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO, *angrily.*[2]

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent: I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft·
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio.
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 't is morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* ROD.] Two things are to be done.
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress.
I 'll set her on:
Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump where he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife.—Ay, that 's the way:
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

[1] *Recalls.* [2] This word is not added in f. e.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before the Castle.

Enter CASSIO, *and some Musicians.*

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains: Something that 's brief; and bid good-morrow to the general. [*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they squeak[1] i' the nose thus?

1 *Mus.* How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called[2] wind instruments?

1 *Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O! thereby hangs a tail.

1 *Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here 's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake,[3] to make no more noise with it.

1 *Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

1 *Mus.* We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll away.
Go; vanish into air; away! [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There 's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there 's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem so[4] to notify her. [*Exit.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend.[5]—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke

[1] speak: in f. e. [4] Not in folio. [3] of all loves: in quarto, 1622
[4] This word is not in f. e. [5] These four words are not in folio.

Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.
Iago. I 'll send her to you presently:
And I 'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. *Exit*
Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant. I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon[1] be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you; but, he protests, he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,[2]
To bring you in again.
Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.
Emil. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.
Cas. I am much bound to you.[3] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the state:[4]
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.
Iago. Well, my good lord; I 'll do 't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see 't?
Gent. We wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

[1] sure: in folio. [2] This line is not in folio. [3] This speech is not in quarto, 1622. [4] senate: in folio.

SCENE III.—Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Emil. Good madam, do: I know[1] it grieves my husband,
As if the case[2] were his.
Des. O! that 's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never any thing but your true servant.
Des. O, sir! I thank you. You do love my lord;
You have known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.
Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.
Des. Do not doubt that: before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I 'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I 'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I 'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore, be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO, *at a distance.*

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.
Cas Madam, I 'll take my leave.
Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.
Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease;
Unfit for mine own purpose.
Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit* CASSIO
Iago. Ha! I like not that.

[1] warrant: in folio. [2] cause: in folio.

Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure; I cannot think it
That he would steal[1] away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 't was he.
Des. How, now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is 't you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good, my lord
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To[2] suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
Des. But shall 't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:
I pr'ythee, name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he 's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of our[3] best) is not almost a fault
T' incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering[4] on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,

[1] sneak: in quarto. [2] I: in quarto, 1622. [3] ner: in f. e. [4] mut-ing: in quarto, 1622.

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me,[1] I could do much,—
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will.
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficult weight,[2]
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no, Farewell, my lord.
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I 'll come to thee straight.
Des. Emilia, come.—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with* EMILIA.
Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No farther harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with it
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Honest? ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?

[1] By 'r lady: in quarto. [2] difficulty: in quarto, 1622

Oth. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes[1] me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something.
I heard thee say but now,—thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And, when I told thee, he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit.[2] If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think, thou dost;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that 's just,
They are close delations,[3] working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn,[4] I think that he is honest.
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none!
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio 's an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there 's more in this.
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where 's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But sometimes uncleanly apprehensions

[1] Alas, thou echoest: in folio. [2] counsel: in quarto, 1622. [3] *accusations;* denotements: in quarto. [4] presume: in quarto.

Keep leets,[1] and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?
Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft[2] my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not)—that your wisdom yet,[3]
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood,[4] honesty, or[5] wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands,
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. By heaven, I 'll know thy thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.
Oth. Ha!
Iago. O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make[6]
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet fondly[7] loves!
Oth. O misery!
Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

[1] *Law*, or *court-days*. [2] of: in folio. [3 4] Not in folio. [5] and: in folio. [6] mock: in f. e. Hanmer also made the change. [7] strongly in f. e.; Knight, as in the text.

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is once[1] to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me jealous
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;[2]
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: no, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of it;[3] for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio:
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to 't.
I know our country disposition well:
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is, not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then,
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought, 't was witchcraft.—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever

[1] [2] Not in folio. [3] this: in folio.

Iago I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love.—But, I do see you are mov'd:—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success,
As my thoughts aim not at.[1] Cassio 's my worthy[2] friend.
My lord, I see you are mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd.—
I do not think but Desdemona 's honest.
Iago. Long live she so; and long live you to think so!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there 's the point:—as,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends.
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not in suspicion[3]
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell.
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My lord, I would I might entreat your honour [*Returning*
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time.
Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability)

[1] Which my thoughts aim'd not: in folio. [2] trusty: in quarto [3] position: in f. e.

Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means.
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity:
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit*

Oth. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities with a learned spirit
Of human dealings: if I do prove her haggard,[1]
Though that her jesses[2] were my dear heart-strings,
I 'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,[3]
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that 's not much:—
She 's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loath her. O, curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 't is the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'T is destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona[4] comes.

Enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself.[5]—
I 'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner and the generous islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint?[6] are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that 's with watching; 't will away again:

[1] A *wild hawk*. [2] *Straps*, by which the hawk's feet were fastened to the wrist. [3] The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind, as, if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns — *Johnson*. [4] Look where she: in folio. [5] false, heaven mock'd itself: in folio. [6] Why do you speak so faintly: in folio.

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well. [*Offers to bind his Head.*[1]
Oth. Your napkin is too little; [*Lets fall her Napkin.*[2]
Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt* OTH. *and* DES
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin.
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I 'll have the work ta'en out,[3]
And give 't Iago: what he will do with it,
Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.[4]
Enter IAGO.
Iago. How now! what do you here alone?
Emil. Do not you chide, I have a thing for you.
Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing.
Emil. Ha?
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil. O! is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Emil. What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.
Iago. Hast stolen it from her?
Emil. No, 'faith: she let it drop by negligence;
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.
Iago. A good wench; give it me.
Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what 's that to you? [*Snatching it.*
Emil. If it be not some purpose of import,
Give 't me again: poor lady! she 'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] This is taken from a MS. direction, (there being none in the old eds.) in the Duke of Devonshire's copy of quarto. 1622; the usual one in mod. eds. is: *He puts it from him, and it drops.* [3] *Copied* for IAGO. [4] I nothing know, but for: in quarto. 1622

Iago. Be not acknown[1] on 't; I have use for it.
Go; leave me. [*Exit* EMILIA
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:[2]
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—
Enter OTHELLO.
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.
Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?
Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.
Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack.—
I swear, 't is better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know 't a little.
Iago. How now, my lord!
Oth. What sense had I of[3] her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well,[4] was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am sorry to hear this.
Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known.—O! now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content:
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue: O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O! you mortal engines, whose rude[5] throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,

[1] you known: in quarto, 1622. [2] Not in quarto. [3] in: in folio
[4] fed well, was: in folio. [5] wide: in quartos.

Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone.
Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,—
Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*Taking him by the Throat*
Or, by the worth of mine[1] eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is it come to this?
Oth. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!
Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that. [*Releasing him*[2]
Iago. O grace! O heaven defend[3] me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st[4] to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit: and, from hence,
I 'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.
Oth. Nay, stay.—Thou shouldst be honest.
Iago. I should be wise; for honesty 's a fool,
And loses that it works for.
Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.
I 'll have some proof: her[5] name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I 'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!
Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?
Oth. Would! nay, I will.

[1] man's: in quarto, 1622. [2] Not in f. e. [3] forgive: in folio
[4] lov'dst: in folio. [5] my: in folio.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you the supervision[1]! grossly gape on?
Behold her topp'd?
Oth. Death and damnation! O!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring it[2] to that prospect. Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where 's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk: but yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may[3] have it.
Oth. Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.
Iago. I do not like the office;
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men, so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say,—"Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—"O, sweet creature!" and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then, laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then,
Cried,—"Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!"
Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream
Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.
Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.
Oth. I 'll tear her all to pieces
Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:

[1] supervisor: in quarto, 1622. [2] them: in f. e [3] might: in folio

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her such a one: 't was my first gift.
Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that,—
Iago. If it be that, or any that[1] was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.
Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven: 't is gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell![2]
Yield up, O Love! thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues!
Iago. Pray,[3] be content.
Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!
Iago. Patience, I say: your mind, perhaps, may change.
Oth.[4] Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er knows[5] retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneeling.*
I here engage my words.
Iago. Do not rise yet.— [*Kneeling.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution[6] of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work[7] soe'er.
Oth. I greet thy love,

[1] if 't: in folio, 1632. [2] hell: in folio. [3] Yet: in folio. [4] This speech to "Now, by," is omitted in folio. [5] feels: in f. e. [6] excellency: in quarto, 1622. [7] business: in folio.

Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't.
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio 's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead: 't is done at your request,
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and Clown.*

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where the lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to. Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.[1]

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified to report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him; bid him come hither: tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit: and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes[2]; and but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough

[1] This and the next speech, are not in quarto. 1622. [2] *A Portuguese gold coin.*

To put him to ill thinking.
Emil. Is he not jealous?
Des. Who? he! I think the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.
Emil. Look, where he comes

Enter OTHELLO.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is 't with you, my lord?
Oth. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?
Des. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.
Des. It yet[1] hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart.
Hot, hot and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and praying,[2]
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand;
A frank one.
Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.
Oth. What promise, chuck?
Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Oth. I have a salt and sudden[3] rheum offends me.
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Des. Here, my lord. [*Offering it.*[4]
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault.
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father

[1] Not in folio. [2] prayer: in folio. [3] sullen: in f. o. [4] Not in f. o.

Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,[1]
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on 't:
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose or give 't away were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is 't possible?

Oth. 'T is true: there 's magic in the web of it.
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course[2] two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd[3] of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is 't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

Des. Then, would to heaven that I had never seen it!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. How?

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch 't, let me see 't.

Des. Why, so I can, sir;[4] but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that[5] handkerchief: my mind mis-

Des. Come, come; [gives.
You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.[6]

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you;—

[1] wiv'd: in folio. [2] make: in quarto, 1622. [3] with the skilful conserves: in quarto. [4] Not in folio. [5] the: in folio. [6] This and the next speech, are not in folio.

Oth. The handkerchief,—
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away![1] [*Exit* OTHELLO
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there 's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us.

Enter IAGO *and* CASSIO.

Look you! Cassio, and my husband.
Iago. There is no other way; 't is she must do 't:
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.
Des. How now, good Cassio! what 's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office[2] of my heart,
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shift[3] myself upon[4] some other course,
To fortune's alms.
Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech. You must a while be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Emil. He went hence but now;

[1] Zounds!: in quarto, 1622. [2] duty: in quarto, 1622. [3] shut: in f. e. [4] up in: in f. e.

And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he[1] be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him.
There 's matter in 't, indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so. [*Exit* IAGO.]—Something, sure, of state,—
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice,
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'T is even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain: nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances[2]
As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he 's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think,
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for a cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 't is a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I 'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

[1] And is: in folio. [2] observancy: in folio.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd,
But I shall, in a more convenient[1] time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her* DESDEMONA'S *Handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.

Bian. O, Cassio! whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence, now, I feel a cause.
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous, now,
That this is from some mistress some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet:[2] I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough it will) I 'd have it copied:
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?[3]

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'T is but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here; but I 'll see you soon.

Bian. 'T is very good: I must be circumstanc'd.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] continuate: in folio. [2] neither: in folio. [3] This and the next speech, are not in quarto, 1622.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago?
Iago. What,
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Iago. If they do nothing, 't is a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why, then 't is hers, my lord; and, being hers
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.
Oth. She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?
Iago. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—
Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.
Thou saidst,—O! it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected[1] house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That 's not so good, now.
Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—
Oth. Hath he said any thing?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he 'll unswear.

[1] infectious: in folio.

Oth. What hath he said?
Iago 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.
Oth. What? what?
Iago. Lie—
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her, on her; what you will.
Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that 's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief[1]!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour.—First, to be hanged, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shuddering[2] passion without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips.—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!— [*Falls in a Trance.*
Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
Enter CASSIO.
My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio!
Cas. What 's the matter?
Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear.[3]
The lethargy must have his quiet course,
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—
[*Exit* CASSIO
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Dost thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven
Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man 's a monster, and a beast.
Iago. There 's many a beast, then, in a populous city
And many a civil monster.
Oth. Did he confess it?
Iago. Good sir, be a man;

[1] The rest of the speech is not in quarto, 1622. [2] shadowing: in f. e [3] These words are not in folio.

Think, every bearded fellow, that 's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there 's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O! 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O! thou art wise; 't is certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list,[1]
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelm'd[2] with your grief,
(A passion most unfitting[3] such a man)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. But encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture.—Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all-in-all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That 's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[OTHELLO *retires*

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio, as 't is the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain[4]
From the excess of laughter:—here he comes.—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,

[1] *Limit.* [2] ere while mad: in quarto, 1622. [3] So quarto, 1630; unsuiting: in quarto, 1622; resulting: in folio. [4] restrain: in folio

Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas The worser, that you give me the addition, Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't. Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower.* How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [*Aside.*

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her: Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph o'er me?[1] do you triumph? [*Aside.*

Cas. I marry her!—what, a customer? I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it is so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so. They laugh that win. [*Aside.*

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. [*Aside.*

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me: now he begins the story. [*Aside.*

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes this bauble; and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck:—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*

Cas. So hangs[2], and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she plucked him to my

[1] Do you triumph, Roman?: in f. e. [2] shakes: in folio.

chamber. O! I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'T is such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work!—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I 'll take out no work on 't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now!

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! [*Aside.*

Bian. An you 'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith, I must; she 'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit* CASSIO.[1]

Oth. [*Advancing.*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned

[1] Not in folio.

to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O! the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that 's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is.—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear.—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She 's the worse for all this.

Oth. O! a thousand[1] thousand times. And then, of so gentle a condition.

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that 's certain:—but yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago! the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me!

Iago. O! 't is foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That 's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I 'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good; the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodovico, Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Giving him a Packet*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [*Opens the Packet, and reads*

Des. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior:
Welcome to Cyprus.

[1] Folio inserts: a

Lod. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Lives, sir.
Des. Cousin, there 's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Des. My lord?
Oth. "This fail you not to do, as you will"—[*Reading*
Lod. He did not call; he 's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
To atone[1] them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord?
Oth. Are you wise?
Des. What! is he angry?
Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. By my troth, I am glad on 't.
Oth. Indeed.
Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. How, sweet Othello?
Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*
Des. I have not deserv'd this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it. 'T is very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight!
Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly an obedient lady.—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress!
Des. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, sir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she 's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—

[1] *Reconcile.*

Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!
I am commanded home.—Get you away;
I 'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.—Hence! avaunt!
[*Exit* DESDEMONA.
Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,
I do intreat that we may sup together:
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkies.
[*Exit*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble[1] nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He 's that he is: I may not breathe my censure,
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,
I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What! strike his wife?

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO *and* EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them

Oth. What! did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord

[1] Not in folio.

Oth. Nor send you out of the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That 's strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There 's no man happy; the purest of their wives[1]
Is foul as slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither:—go,— [*Exit* EMILIA.
She says enough;—yet she 's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much.—This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she 'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do 't

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes:
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy is this?
Oth. Some of your function, mistress; [*To* EMILIA.
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.
[*Exit* EMILIA.
Des. Upon my knee,[2] what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words, [*Kneels.*[3]
But not the words.[4]
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife. [*Rises.*[5]
Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore, be double-damn'd
Swear thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

[1] her sex: in quarto, 1622. [2] knees: in f. e. [3] Not in f. e. [4] This line is not in folio. [5] Not in f. e

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?
Oth. O Desdemona!—away, away, away!
Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion[1] of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost[2] hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas! to make me
A fixed figure, for the hand[3] of scorn
To point his slowly moving[4] finger at;
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look[5] grim as hell!
Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.
Oth. O! ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou[6] weed!
Who[7] art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born!
Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed?
Committed?—O thou public commoner![8]
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks

[1] motive: in folio. [2] Not in quartos. [3] time: in f. e. [4] slow unmoving: in f. e. [5] here: in old copies. [6] black weed: in quartos. [7] Why: in quartos. [8] This and the next two lines, are not in quarto, 1622.

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed?—
Impudent strumpet![1]

Des. By heaven you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other,[2] foul, unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us! [*Kneeling*.[3]

Oth. I cry you mercy, then?
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; you, you, ay, you:
We have done our course; there's money for your pains.
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit*.

Emil. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep. [*Rising*.[4]

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With whom?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?[5]

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed! [*Exit*.

Des. 'T is meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misdeed?[6]

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

[1] These words are not in folio. [2] hated: in quarto, 1622. [3] [4] Not in f. e. [5] This and the next speech, are not in quarto, 1622. [6] least misure: in f. e.: greatest abuse: in quarto.

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
Iago. What 's the matter, lady?
Emil. Alas! Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.
Des. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago What name, fair lady?
Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.
Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.[1]
Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!
Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for it!
How comes this trick upon him?
Des. Nay, heaven doth know.
Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I 'll be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie! there is no such man: it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Emil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor 's abus'd by some most villainous[2] knave,
Some base, notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.—
O, heaven! that such companions[3] thou 'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!
Iago. Speak within door.
Emil. O, fie upon them! some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

[1] A *low woman.* [2] outrageous: in quarto, 1622. [3] *Fellows*

Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Des. O good[1] Iago!
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him.[2] Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say whore;
It does abhor me now I speak the word,
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.
Iago. I pray you, be content; 't is but his humour.
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.[3]
Des. If 't were no other,—
Iago. 'T is but so, I warrant. [*Music*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat.
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA
Enter RODERIGO.
How now, Roderigo!
Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.
Iago. What in the contrary?
Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, that suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.
Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?
Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.
Iago. You charge me most unjustly.
Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself

out of my means: the jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me, she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance[1]; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 't is not very well: by this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there 's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no! he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean removing of him?

[1] acquittance: in quarto, 1622.

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry[1], and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear farther reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no farther.

Oth. O! pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—
O!—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there: look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, *and Attendants*

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent.
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him.

[1] harlot: in quarto, 1622.

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All 's one.—Good faith[1], how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow,
An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind;[2] I have much to do,
Not to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. *A[3] poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,* [Singing.

Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;

Lay by these.—

Sing willow, willow, willow.

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he 'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that 's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

[1] father: in folio. [2] All that follows to "Hark! who is it": is not in quarto 1622. [3] *The:* in f. e. The ballad is in "Percy's Reliques"

Des. *I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?*
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court no women, you 'll couch with no men.
So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?
Emil. 'T is neither here nor there.
Des.[1] I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?
Emil. There be some such, no question.
Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this heavenly light.
Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light:
I might do 't as well i' the dark.
Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil. The world is a huge thing: 't is a great price
For a small vice.
Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.
Emil. In troth, I think I should, and undo 't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.
Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.
Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.
Des. I do not think there is any such woman.
Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many
To the vantage, as would store the world they play'd for.[2]
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

[1] This and the next speech, are not in quarto, 1622. [2] The rest of the scene is not in quarto, 1622.

Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite,
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates, both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think, it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth. Is 't frailty, that thus errs?
It is so too: and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well; else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good-night, good-night: heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I 'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.[1]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons.—
'T is but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.
[*Stands back.*

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat[2] almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

[1] sword: in quarto, 1622. [2] *Pimple:* gnat: in quarto.

Every way makes my game:[1] live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him: there stand I in much peril.
No, he must die:—be 't so; I hear[2] him coming.
[*Retiring.*

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait; 't is he.—Villain, thou diest.
[*Rushing forward, and making a pass at* CASSIO

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.
[*Draws, and wounds* RODERIGO.

Rod. O! I am slain.
[IAGO *starts forward, cuts* CASSIO *behind in the Leg, and exit.*

Cas. I am maim'd for ever.—Light,[4] ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*

Enter OTHELLO, *at a distance.*

Oth. The voice of Cassio.—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is e'en so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'T is he.—O brave Iago! honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me.—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies:[5]—strumpet, I come.
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.
[*Exit* OTHELLO.

Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO, *at a distance.*

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Gra. 'T is some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O, wretched villain!

[1] gain: in folio [2] but so, I heard: in folio. [3] f. e. give this direction before R.'s last speech. [4] Help: in folio. [5] your fate hies apace: in quarto, 1622.

Lod. Two or three groan.—It is a[1] heavy night.
These may be counterfeits: let 's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.
Rod. No body come? then, shall I bleed to death.
Enter IAGO, *unready,*[2] *with a Light.*
Lod. Hark!
Gra. Here 's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.
Iago. Who 's there? whose noise is this, that cries out murder thus?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Did not you hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.
Iago. What 's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?
Cas. Iago? O! I am spoil'd; undone by villains:
Give me some help.
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[*To* LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO.
Rod. O, help me! here.
Cas. That 's one of them.
Iago. O murderous slave! O villain:
[IAGO *stabs* RODERIGO
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—
Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod. He, sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy. Here 's Cassio hurt by villains.
Gra. Cassio?
Iago. How is it, brother?
Cas My leg is cut in two.

[1] 'Tis: in folio. [2] This word is not in f. e.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen! I 'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is 't that cry'd!
Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus: I have been to seek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter:—so.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence![1]
Bian. Alas! he faints.—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party[2] in this injury.—
Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come.
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
[*Looking at* ROD.[3]
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—yes, sure. O heaven! Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!
Gra. Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 't is he.—O! that 's well said;[4]—the chair.— [*A chair brought.*
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I 'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,
[*To* BIANCA.
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.— [CASSIO *and* ROD. *are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?

[1] This speech is not in quarto, 1622. [2] bear a part: in quarto, 1622. [3] Not in f. e. [4] *Done.*

Do you perceive the gastness[1] of her eye?—
Nay, an you stir:[2]—we shall hear more anon.—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Alas! what's the matter? what's the matter husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd:
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.[3]

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—
What! do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O! did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. O, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—
Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aside.*
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber.

DESDEMONA *in Bed asleep. A Light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO,[4] *locking the Door after him.*

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I 'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—put out the light?
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,

[1] gestures: in quartos. [2] if you stare: in folio. [3] quite dead: in folio. [4] The rest of this direction is not in f. o.

Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,[1]
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I 'll smell it[2] on the tree.—
[*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—One more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow 's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—
Des. Who 's there? Othello?
Oth. Ay, Desdemona.
Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?
Des. Ay, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
Des. Alas, my lord! what may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No, heaven forfend, I would not kill thy soul.
Des. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Des. Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humph!
Des. And yet[3] I fear you: for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.
Des. That death 's unnatural, that kills for loving.—
Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

[1] thine: in quartos. [2] cunning: in quartos. [3] tnee: in folio

These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so. What 's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou 'rt on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes,[1] presently:
Therefore, confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. Then, Lord, have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him.—Send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confess'd.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.[2]
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.
Des. My fear interprets then.—What! is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

[1] Not in folio. [2] Quarto, 1622: ud's death.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you strive,—
Des. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.[1]
Des. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late.
Des. O Lord. Lord, Lord![2] [*He smothers her.*
Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so. [*Stabs her.*
Emil. [*Within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who 's there?
Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord! I would speak a word with you.
Oth. Yes;—'t is Emilia.—By and by.—She 's dead.
'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.[4]—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were 't good?
I think she stirs again:—no.—What 's the best?
If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:
O insupportable, O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should[5] yawn at alteration.
Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you, I may speak with you.
O, good my lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee. O! come in, Emilia.—
Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? What 's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the Door*

[1] This speech is not in quarto, 1622. [2] This speech is not in folio. Not in f. e. [4] here: in quartos. [5] Did: in quartos.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, good my lord! yonder 's foul murder done
Oth. What! now?
Emil. But now, my lord!
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont
And makes men mad.
Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo kill'd?
And Cassio kill'd?
Emil. No; Cassio is not kill'd.
Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder 's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!
Emil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That! what?
Emil. Out, and alas! that was[1] my lady's voice:—
Help! Help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
[*Going to the bed.*[2]
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. O! who hath done
This deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord. O farewell! [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard[3] her say herself, it was not I.
Emil. She said so; I must needs report a truth.
Oth. She 's like a liar gone to burning hell:
'T was I that kill'd her.
Emil. O! the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire to say
That she was false: O! she was heavenly true.
Oth. Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.—
O! I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity.—Thy husband knew it all.

[1] it is: in quarto, 1622. [2] Not in f. e. [3] hear: in folio.

Emil. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay,[1] had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolyte,
I'd not have sold her for it.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. Ay, 't was he that told me[2] first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iteration,[3] woman? I say, thy husband.
Emil. O mistress! villainy hath made mocks with love.—
My husband say, that she was false?
Oth. He, woman;
I say, thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha! [*Threatening her.*[4]
Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace! you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half the[5] power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

Mon What is the matter?—How now, general!
Emil. O! are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false.
I know, thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain.

[1] Not in folio. [2] me on her: in folio. [3] iterance: in folio. [4] Not in f. e. [5] that: in folio.

Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie.—
She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.
Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak.
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.[1]
All. O, heaven forfend!
Emil. And your reports have set the murderer on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'T is a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Emil. Villainy! villainy! villainy!
I think upon 't,—I think,—I smell 't:—O villainy!
I thought so then:—I 'll kill myself for grief.—
O villainy, villainy!
Iago. What! are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'T is proper I obey him, but not now.—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! [*Falling on the ground.*[2]
Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar,
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. O! she was foul— [*Starting up.*
I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd.
I know, this act shows terrible[3] and grim.
Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father 's dead.
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.[4]
Oth. 'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows,

[1] This line is not in quarto, 1622. [2] *on the Bed*: in f. e. [3] Horrible: in folio. [4] reprobance: in folio.

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed: Cassio confess'd it;
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'T will out, 't will out:—I hold my peace, sir? no;
No, I will speak as liberal as the wind.[1]
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I 'll speak.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home. [*Drawing.*[2]
Emil. I will not. [IAGO *offers to stab* EMIL.[3]
Gra. Fie.
Your sword upon a woman?
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband:
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle)
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. Villainous whore! [*They hold him.*[3]
Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou liest. [*Stabs her, and exit instantly.*
Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?[4]
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls: sure, he has kill'd his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay.—O, lay me by my mistress' side!
Gra. He 's gone, but his wife 's kill'd.
Mon. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this weapon
Which I have here[5] recover'd from the Moor.
Come, guard the door without: let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I 'll after that same villain,
For 't is a damned slave.
[*Exeunt* MONTANO *and* GRATIANO.

[1] north: in f. e. [2] [3] Not in f. e. [4] woman: in quarto, 1622 [5] Not in folio.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
Emil.[1] What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music:—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor:
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.—
O! here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.
Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak to[2] me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 't is not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;[3]
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 't is a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires.—Where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl;
Even like thy chastity,—O, cursed[4] slave!—
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

[1] This and the next two lines, are not in quarto, 1622 [2] with: in folio. [3] This and the six following lines, are not in quarto, 1622 [4] cursed, cursed slave: in folio.

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead? O! O![1]

Enter LODOVICO *and* CASSIO.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That 's he, that was Othello: here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Enter MONTANO *with* IAGO, *bound, and Officers.*[2]

Oth. I look down towards his feet;—but that 's a fable:
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[OTHELLO *wounds* IAGO.
Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither: I 'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.
Lod. O thou Othello! that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy.
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth. Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know.
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What! not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo; [*Showing it.*
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross.
Lod. Now, here 's another discontented paper,
[*Producing it.*

[1] O Desdemon, dead Desdemon, dead, O! O!: in folio. [2] In f. e. these characters enter with LODOVICO and CASSIO. [3] [4] Not in f. e.

Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim[1]
Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O, the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief,
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come; bring them[2] away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well:
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian,[3] threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal[4] gum. Set you down this;
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
When[5] a malignant and a turban'd Turk

[1] nick: in quarto, 1622. [2] him: in f. e. [3] Judean: in folio [4] medicinable: in folio. [5] Where: in f. e.

Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*
Lod. O bloody period!
Gra. All that 's spoke is marr'd.
Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee:—no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies on the Bed.*
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.
Lod. O Spartan dog!
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea,
Look on the tragic loading[1] of this bed; [*To* IAGO.
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture:—O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt*

[1] lodging: in quarto.

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